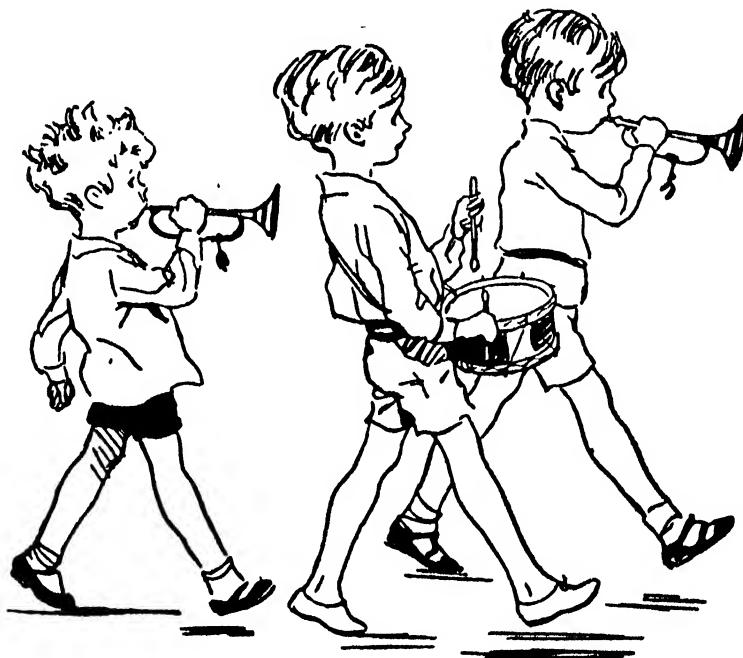


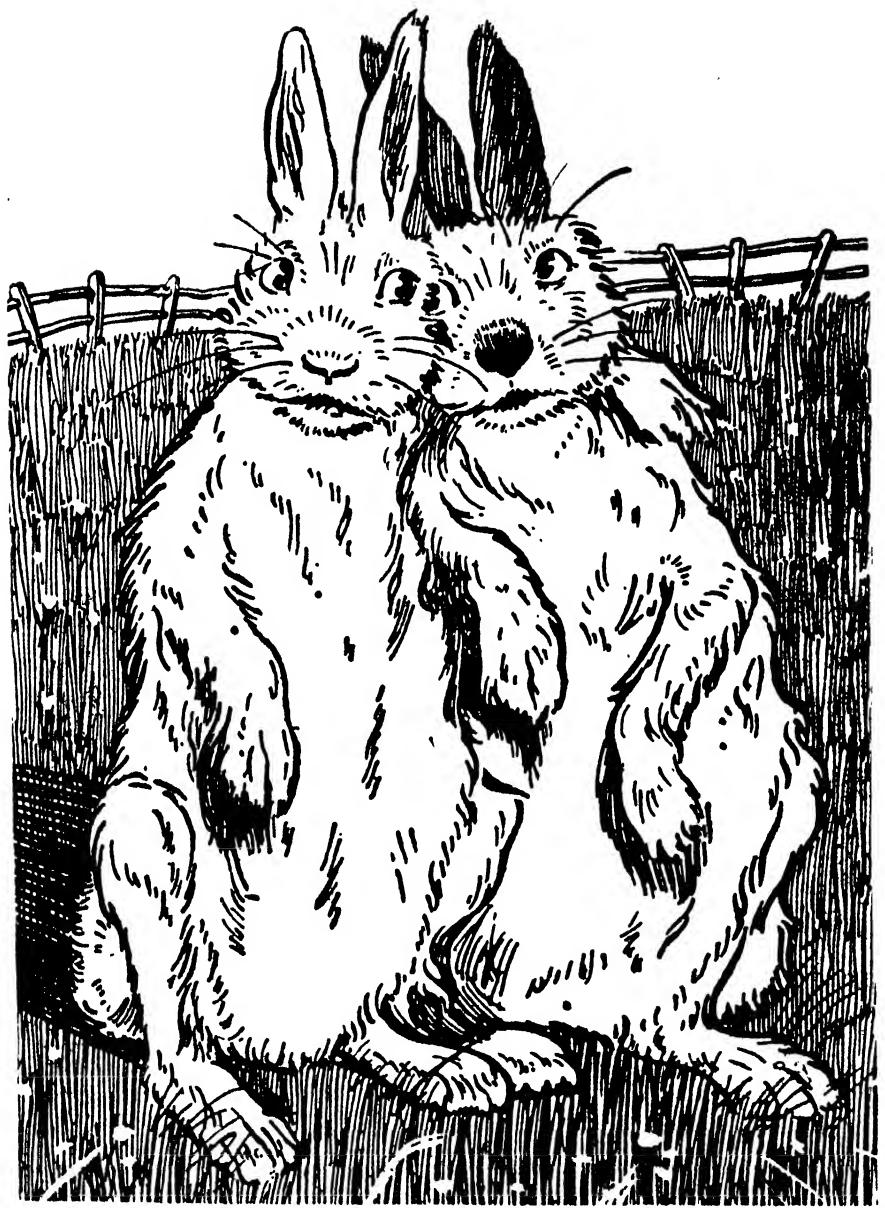


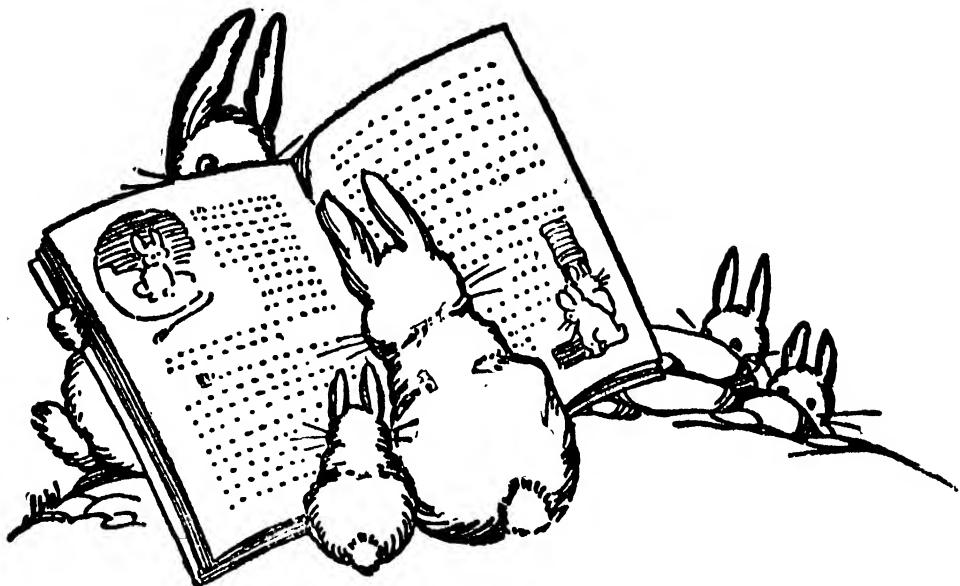
# BO-PEEP'S BIG NURSERY STORY BOOK



WITH 2 COLOUR PLATES AND OVER 150 ILLUSTRATIONS

WARD, LOCK & CO., LIMITED  
LONDON AND MELBOURNE





THIS story-book of Animals  
Has been a joy to fill,  
With stories and with pictures, too—  
So whether “ Jack ” or “ Jill ”  
I hope you will enjoy it, too,  
I do so hope you will.

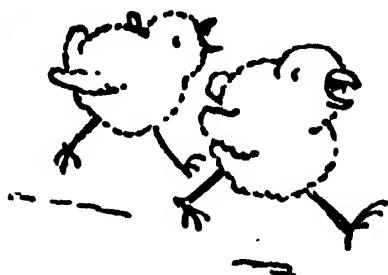
# RAGS AND TATTERS.

RAGS and Tatters were the most mischievous puppies that I have ever known. They chewed up the mats and slippers, they chased the hens, worried the chickens, teased the kittens, and drove the canary nearly into fits. Also, I am sorry to say, they sometimes crept into the pantry and stole things when Cook wasn't looking.

But their little mistress, Prue,

loved them all the same.

She loved them  
tre-mend-ous-ly, so

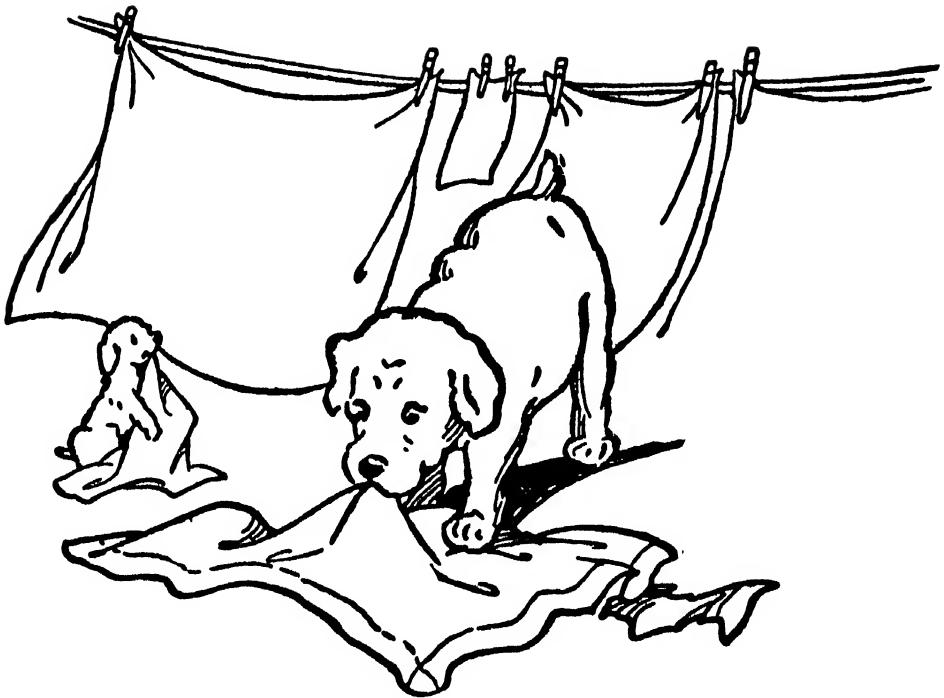




you can imagine how awfully sad she felt when one morning her mother said : "If those puppies get into mischief again they'll have to go."

"Oh, Mummy," said Prue. "What do you mean ? "

"I shall get rid of them," said Mummy firmly. "Only last night Tatters chewed Mary's best hat almost to a pulp, and



Rags was found asleep in Cook's bed—with—"she shivered—"a dead mouse between his paws. Both the maids will be giving notice next, and I can't have that."

"But they didn't mean to be naughty, Mummy dear," said Prue.

"I don't suppose they did. But the next time they get into mischief, Prue, I shall be forced to send them away.

Now put on your hat, dearie. I am going down to the town, and you can come with me."

• • • • •

It was an hour later when Prue and her mother returned. They had barely reached the door when Mary met them.

"Oh!" she gasped, "those puppies 'm! You never saw such a mess!" She ran down the steps as she spoke, and Mummy and Prue





followed her round the side of the house.

There on the lawn lay Rags and Tatters, tired out. And all around them, on the grass, were spread torn and crumpled bits of linen that had once been snow-white.

“Oh-h!” cried Mummy. “My tablecloth. One of my best tablecloths!”

“Yes’m,” said Mary. “They pulled it down off the line.”

“So I see,” said Mummy, dryly.

Prue burst into tears. Then she picked up both the puppies. “They—

they were only living up to their names, Mummy dear," she pleaded. "Rags and Tatters, you know!"

Mummy found herself smiling, in spite of herself.

"I—I'll talk to them, and talk to them," went on Prue, excitedly. "I will, Mummy—and I'm sure they'll understand. So do give them one more chance. Just one!"

Mummy hesitated. "Very well," she said. "But remember—only one!"

• • • • .  
But whether it was Prue's lecture, or whether it was the extra hard spanking which they had from Daddy, later on, I do not know. I only know that from that day onwards Rags and Tatters turned over a new leaf!

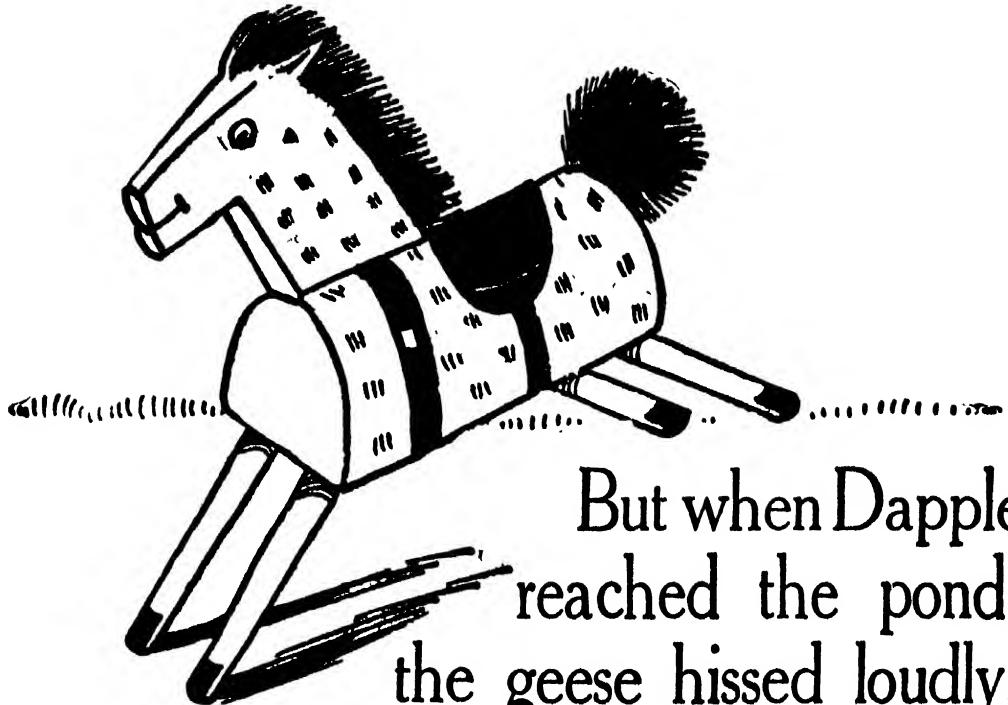
# DAPPLE'S ADVENTURE.

DAPPLE, the wooden horse, had made up his mind to have an adventure. It was a jolly day—warm and sunny—and his little master, Jerry, had gone for a pic-nic. All was quiet in the nursery, so now was Dapple's chance.

“I'll cross the common first,” he said to himself, “and have a word with the geese by the pond.

They'll be very pleased to see me, I expect.”





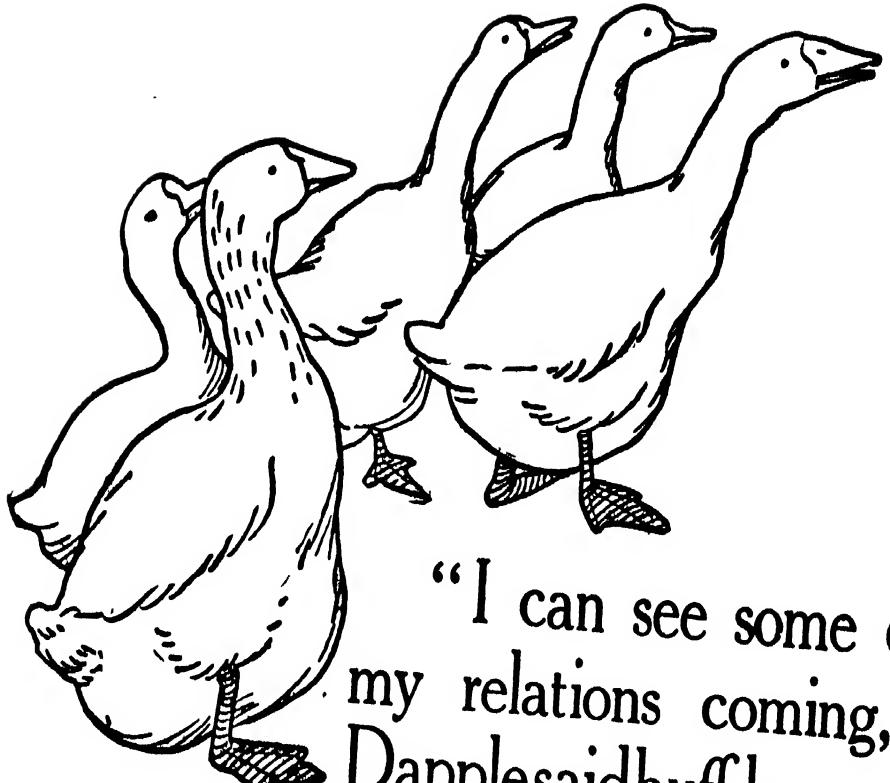
But when Dapple reached the pond, the geese hissed loudly, and the old gander pecked his leg.

“What are you doing here?” he asked.

“I’ve come to visit you,” said Dapple. “It’s a nice afternoon, and I thought I’d have a breath of fresh air.”

All the geese cackled with laughter.

“Ho-ho!” they cried. “Fancy a silly wooden toy like you coming to call on us! Go home to your nursery!”



"I can see some of my relations coming," Dapple said huffily—and he went to meet Bess, the grey mare, and Snowball, her foal.

"Oh, mother, do look!" said Snowball, as Dapple drew near. "What a queer little creature! What is he?"

The grey mare stopped and stared at the wooden horse, who was beginning to wish he had never come out.

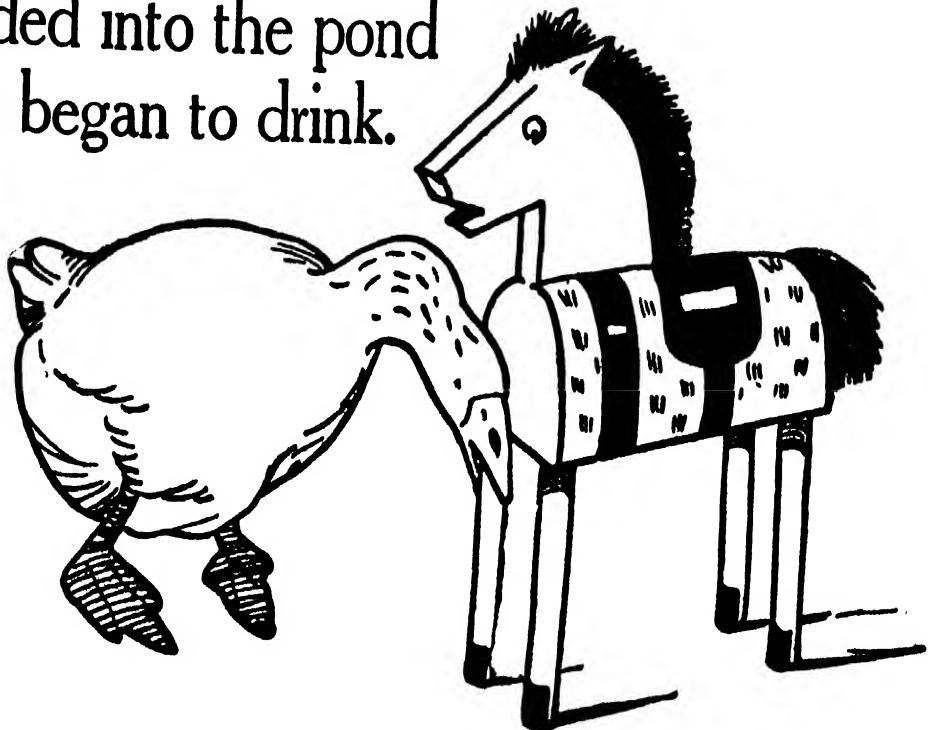
“Who are you?” she asked.

Dapple’s wooden legs suddenly felt very shaky. “I—I’m—”

“He’s a relation of yours, he says,” cackled the geese, enjoying the joke.

But Bess did not look as if she thought it a joke at all.

“Impudence!” she said. And she waded into the pond and began to drink.





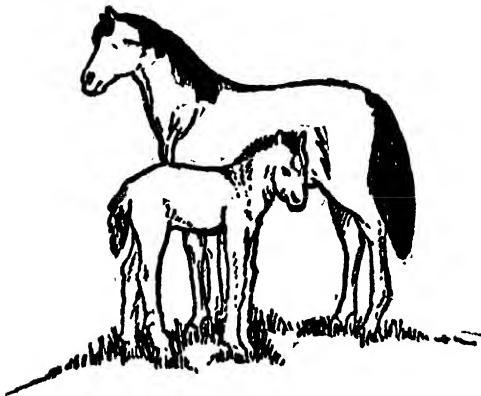
But Snowball turned her back on the wooden horse and gave a playful kick-and-up, up, up went Dapple, into the air, and then—splash—he had fallen into the water.

The geese cackled more than ever now, and Dapple dragged himself out of the pond feeling very sorry for himself indeed. One of his wooden legs had been broken in the fall and his tail had come unstuck and was now lying at the bottom of the pond.

Ten minutes later a very woe-be-gone and draggled Dapple crept into the nursery once more.

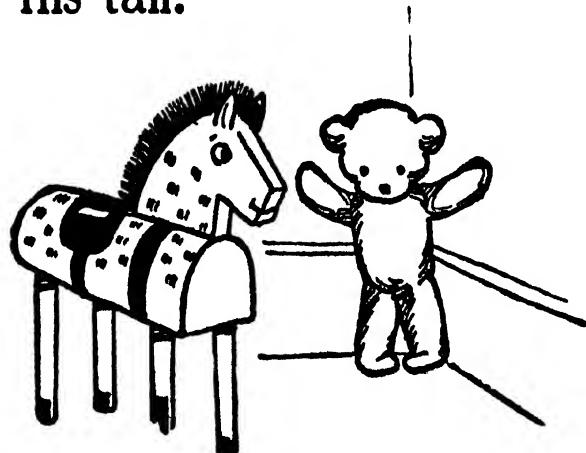
“What has happened?” asked Teddy.

But Dapple would not speak.



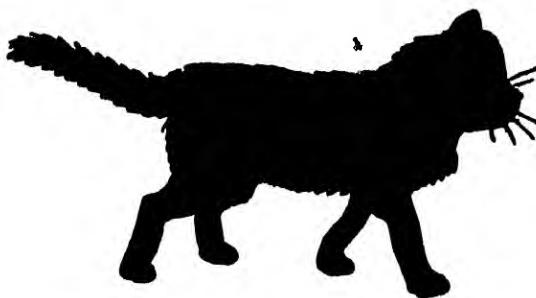
The other toys brought some dusters from the dolls' house and dried him as best they could, and when Jerry came back the little wooden horse was standing in his corner just as he had left him.

But Jerry could never find out how Dapple had broken his leg, nor how he had lost his tail.





# THE MICE IN COUNCIL

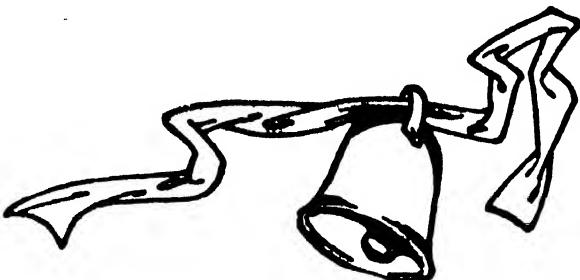


Once upon a time a lot of little mice came together to decide how they could rid themselves of their enemy, the cat.

By and by a young mouse came forward.

"We will get a bell," he said, "and hang it round her neck. Then we shall always be able to escape when we hear her coming."

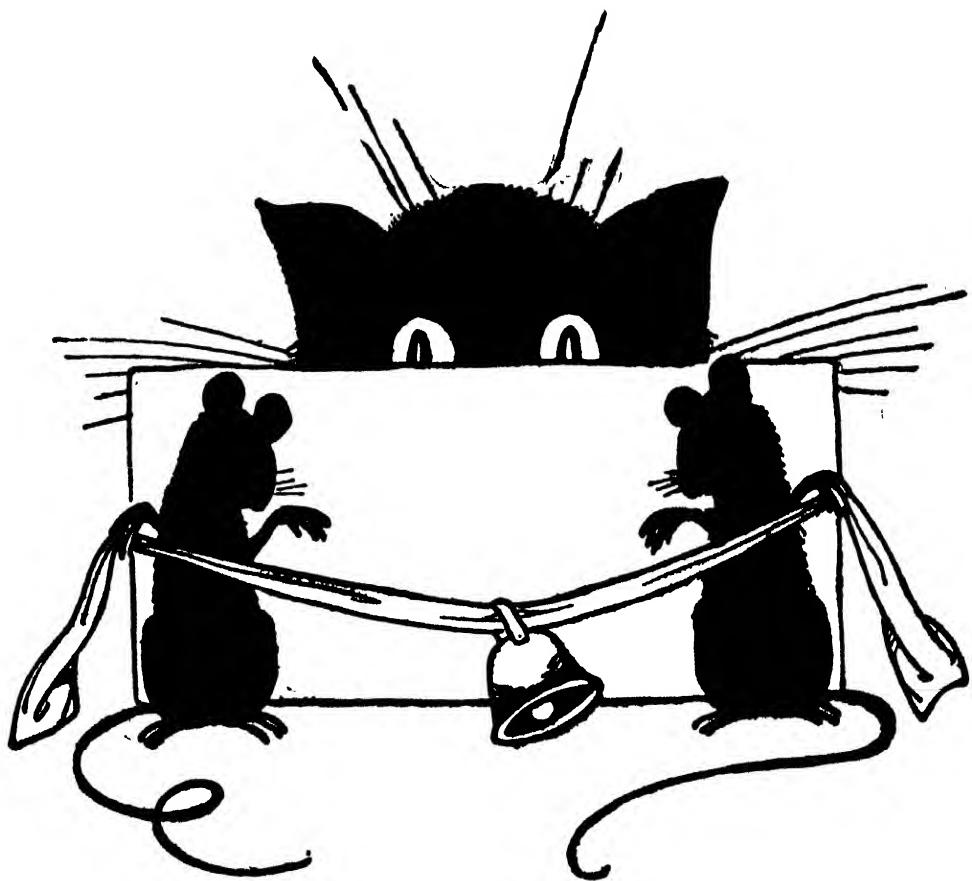
The other mice thought it a splendid idea, and told the



young mouse how clever he was to have thought of it.

But suddenly an old mouse stood up, and asked :

**“Who is going to bell the cat?”**



# THE GOOSE WITH THE GOLDEN EGGS



Once upon a time there lived a man who had a most wonderful goose. Every day she laid an egg of pure gold for him. Instead of being satisfied with such a splendid gift every day, he thought he would try to get the whole treasure at once. So he killed the poor goose and cut her open, expecting to find her full of gold.

But she was just like any other goose!

“You should have let well alone,” said an old man who was passing. “Had you kept your goose, you would still have had your golden eggs.”

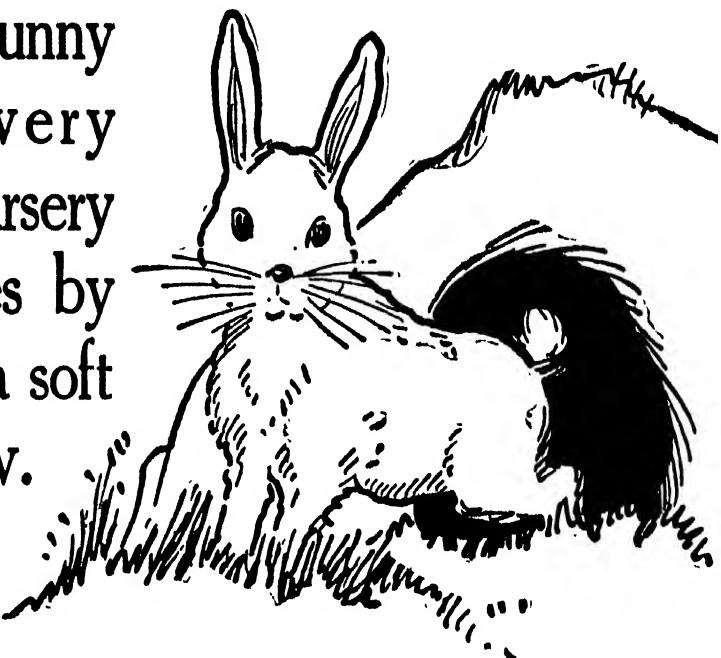


# BABY BUNNIES AT HOME

Mother Bunny makes a very comfy little nursery for her babies by scraping out a soft earthy burrow.

This she lines with some of her own fur, to keep her children warm—for at first the babies are quite bare—they have no fur of their own at all!

By-and-bye, when the little ones' coats have grown, Mother Bunny takes





them out with her to nibble the short sweet grass. How they love to tumble and play about! They have such games together, and Mummy watches them as they play, and looks very proud of them indeed.

But if a stranger is seen anywhere about, Mother Bunny tells her children that danger is near, and in less time than it takes to write it all the little bob-bit tails have disappeared down the burrow again!



## THE WOLF AND THE LAMB

A wolf who was ill and not able to move saw a lamb passing in the distance.

“Come hither,” he called in a piteous voice, “and bring me some water to drink. If you will only fetch me the water, I will provide the meat for myself.”

But the lamb was wise.

“No,” she said, backing away from the wolf. “If I come near enough to bring you the water, I know only too well that I shall be the meat which you will provide for yourself!”



# THE TOWN MOUSE AND THE COUNTRY MOUSE.



A COUNTRY Mouse once asked his cousin from the Town to come and stay with him, and in

his visitor's honour he brought out the best food that his larder contained. There were peas and corn, barley and nuts, and the Country Mouse hoped that his cousin would enjoy the plentiful, if homely, fare.

But the Town Mouse only made a pretence of eating, and his cousin could see that he did not really enjoy the food at all. At last the Town Mouse said:

"You are wasting your time living in the Country like this. Come back with me to Town. I will give you dainties which you have never tasted before, and you will not want to come back here again!"

So the little mouse accepted, and when they reached the fine mansion where the Town Mouse lived, he was amazed at the wonderful repast which was spread on the table. The people who lived in the house were at a party, so the two mice helped themselves to everything.

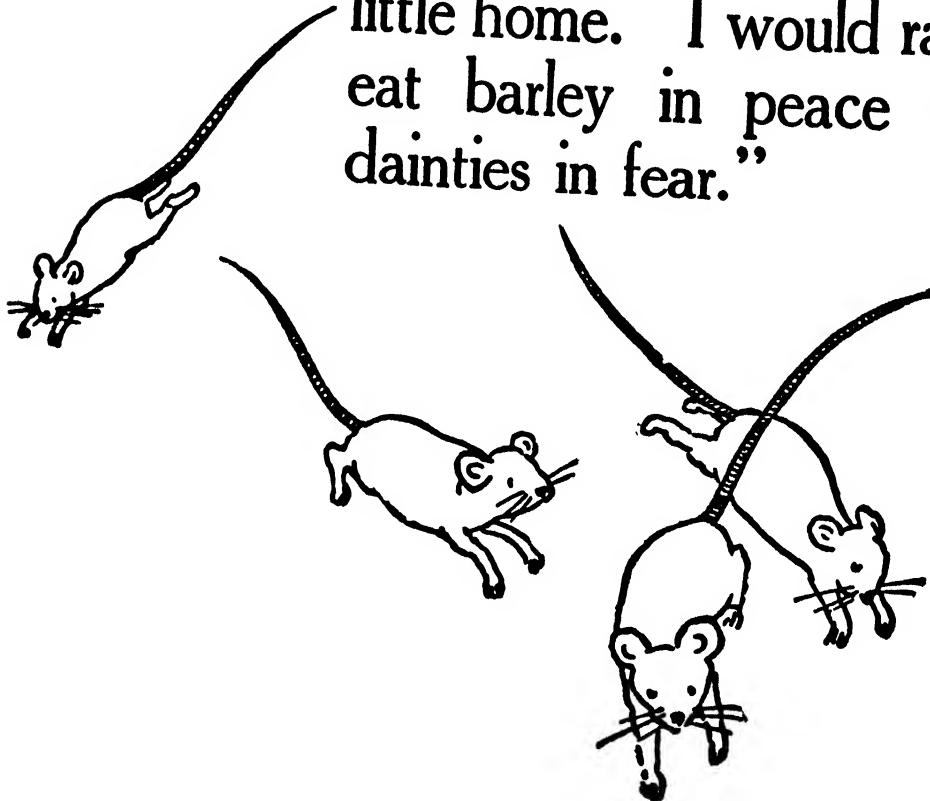
Suddenly, however, the door opened, and the owner of the mansion came in, followed by a couple of fierce dogs.

In the greatest fright the two little mice

jumped from the table and scampered off into the darkest corner they could find.

When the room was quiet again the Town Mouse begged his cousin to finish his meal.

“No, thank you,” replied the Country Mouse, “I am going back to my quiet little home. I would rather eat barley in peace than dainties in fear.”



# BABY-BOY AND THE BUNNIES.

“ I'D love to find some primroses,”  
Said Nell. “ I b'lieve we could  
A little farther on you know,  
Inside this shady wood.”

Said Nancy: “ Baby's fast asleep.

We'll leave him.  
He'll be good.”



The little sisters  
went away.  
And Baby-Boy  
awoke  
To see a bunny  
rabbit there



A-peeping round  
an oak.

He gave a little  
squeal of joy,  
It really was a  
joke !

Then off the little bunny hopped  
As fast as he could go,  
And called his friends and neighbours out  
And said, "Do come—for oh!—  
There is the dearest Baby here,  
And all alone, d'you know!"

So lots of other rabbits came  
And peeped around the tree,



And Baby clapped his little hands

And shrieked aloud with glee.

“Just hark ! There’s Baby-Boy,” cried  
Nell,

“What can the matter be ?”

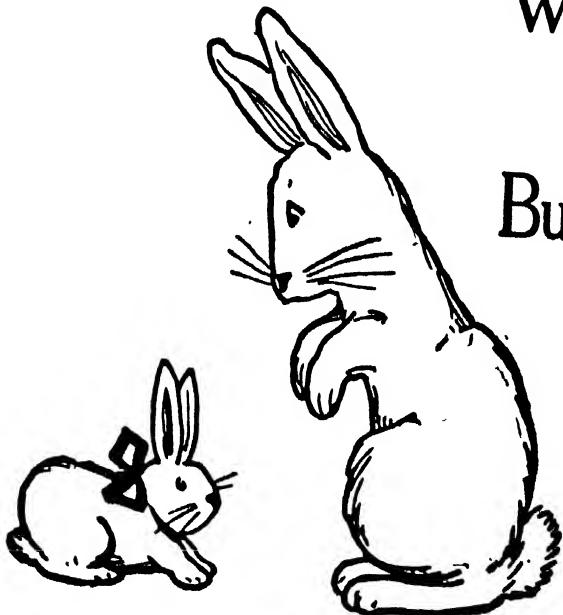
They both came back to Baby-Boy

To see a funny sight—

A host of rabbits, big and small,

Were sitting round  
the mite !

But when the bunnies  
saw them, they  
Skipped off in  
sudden fright !



# ZÖE AT THE ZOO.



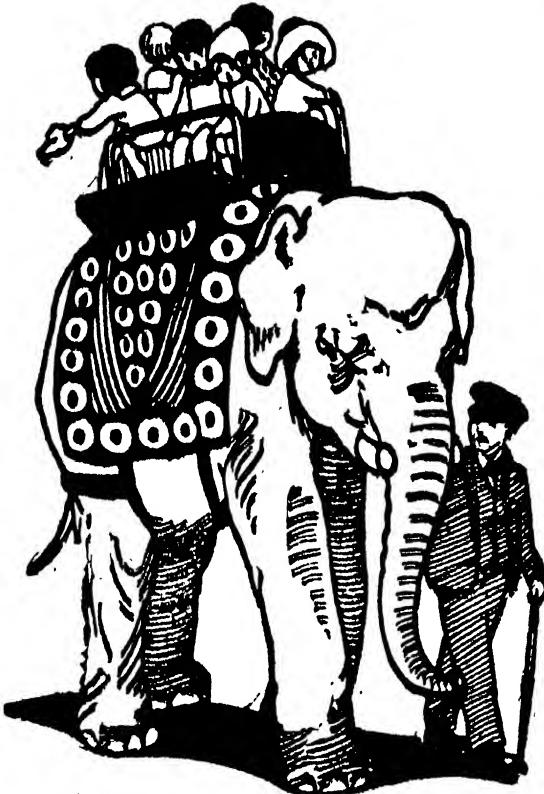
ZÖE was reading her new A.B.C. and she had just come to the end of it—“Y. for Yacht, Z. for

Zoo,” she said.

“Yes,” said Auntie, who had just come in—“Z. for Zoo, and Z. for Zöe, too! How would you like to come to the Zoo with me, to-day?”

• • • • •  
“Where shall we go first?” asked Auntie, as the turn-stile gate click-clicked behind them.

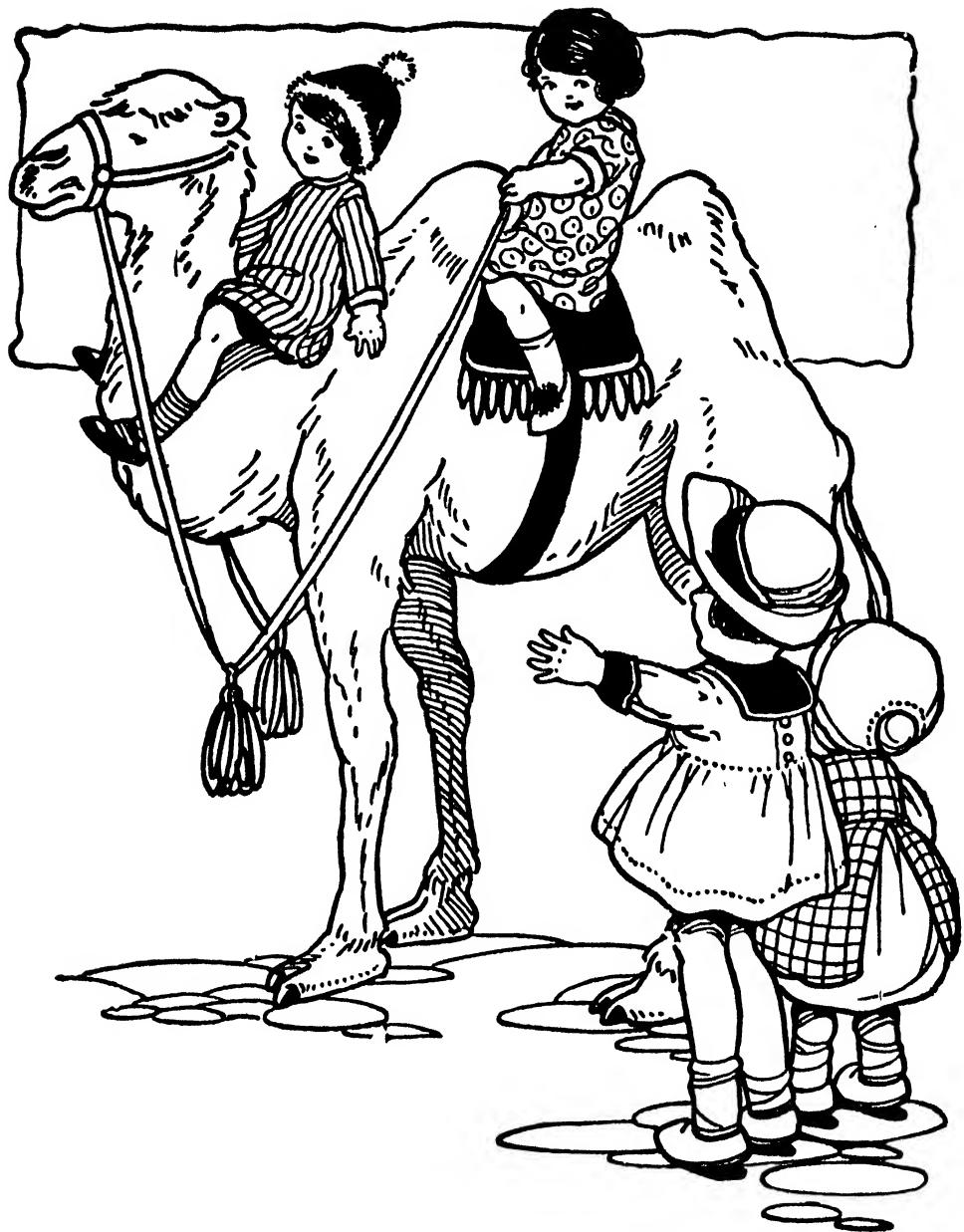
“ ‘Spect we’d better see the lions and tigers,” said Zöe, but she held Auntie’s



hand very tightly as they passed through the long building, and when she reached the other end of it she gave quite a big sigh of relief.

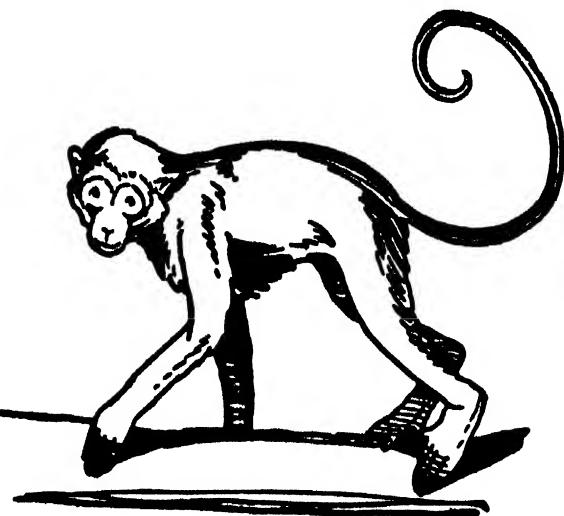
“Now for the elephants,” said Auntie, and soon little Zöe was enjoying herself enormously, perched up on the back of the biggest Jumbo of all, and having a lovely ride. After that she had a ride on a camel, too, and another one in a little cart drawn by a llama. It was fun!

When the rides were over there were lots of other animals to see.



First, they visited the Monkey House, and Zöe gave nuts and apples to the funny orang-outang in the big outside cage. Then they saw the sea-lions, and watched them being fed. It was simply wonderful the way they jumped out of the water to catch the fishes which were thrown to them—not once did they miss !

“Now we must walk along by the Mappin Terraces,” said Auntie. “You will love the Polar bears, and the brown bears, too, and there are such pretty deer and little fawns jumping about on

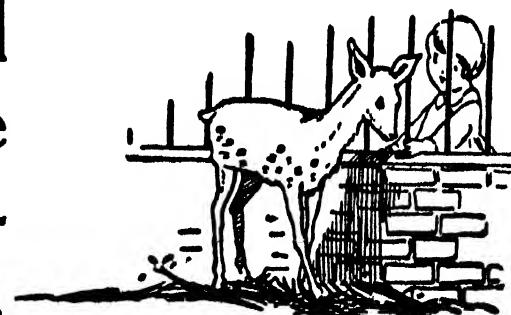




the rocks up there."

"What else is there to see?" asked Zöe, when she had given the last bit of her very last bun to a quaint little black bear.

"Oh, crowds of things," laughed Auntie,—"Hippos, and rhinos, and giraffes, and bison, and buffalos, and crocodiles, and zebras, and wolves, and jackals, and—" "Oh-h-h!" gasped Zöe, "how lovely!" And she started off there and then to see everything that was left.



It took a long time! By the end of the afternoon Zöe's plump little legs were feeling dreadfully wobbly and tired, but she managed to keep on, and after they had had some tea and a little rest they finished up by visiting the Parrot House.



“It’s been a l-l-lovely day!” whispered Zöe, as she cuddled down in bed that night—“the loveliest I’ve ever had!” And in another moment she was fast asleep, and dreaming of all the wonderful things that she had seen at the Zoo.

# THE QUACK FROG.

ONE day, a frog who was tired of his home in a swamp made up his mind to be a doctor.

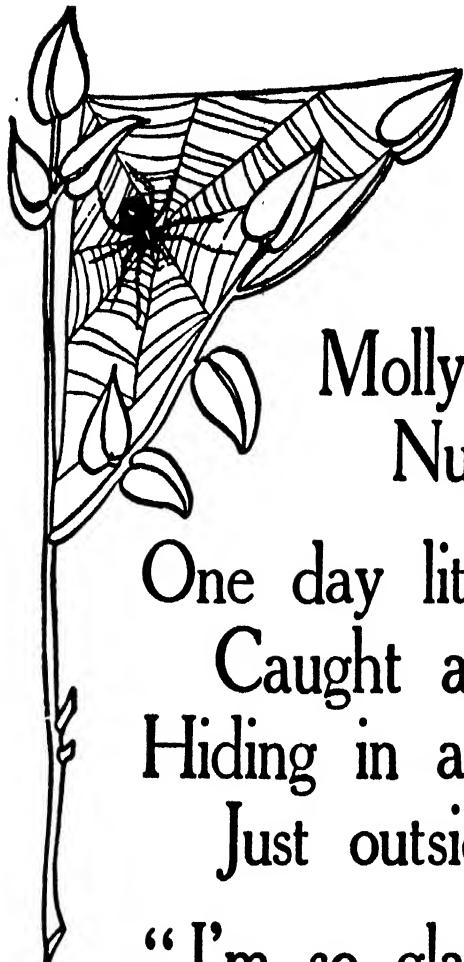
He found a big medicine bottle, and showed it to all the beasts.

“Behold!” he cried, “here is a most wonderful drug. It will cure all the diseases which were ever known ! ”

At this, a fox came up to him. “If that is so,” he asked, “why do you go through life with a wrinkled skin, bandy legs, and goggle eyes ? Doctors should first heal themselves ! ”



# NAUGHTY MOLLY.



MOST folks think  
some beastie  
Isn't very nice.

Molly hated spiders,  
Nurse detested mice.

One day little Molly  
Caught a poor wee mouse,  
Hiding in a flower-pot  
Just outside the house.

"I'm so glad I've found you,"  
Naughty Molly said.

"Now I'm going to put you  
Into Nurse's bed!"

Back she pulled the bed-clothes,  
Mousie gave a squeak,

Molly dropped him quickly  
With a frightened shriek!—

For a great big spider

Ran out on the bed,

From beneath the blanket—

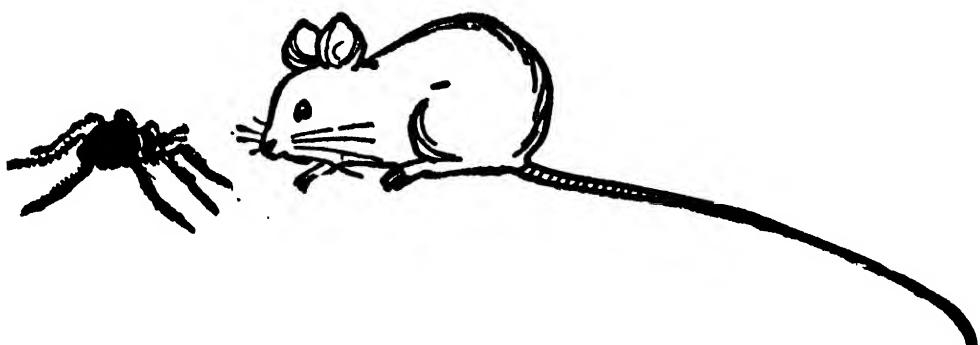
Molly quickly fled!

“Wonder . . . . .  
Such a dreadful fright?”

Said the mouse. “I think, though,  
That it serves her right!”

“Hurry!” said the spider.

“We had better go,  
Though I can’t imagine  
Why they hate us so!”

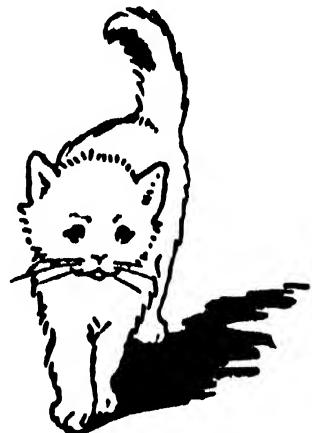


# SOME FOUR-FOOTED BABIES.



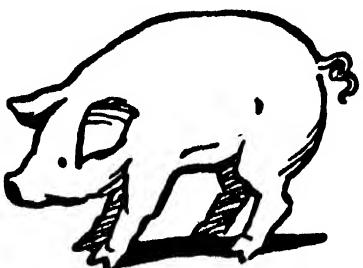
This lively little pup will  
be a great big hound  
one day.

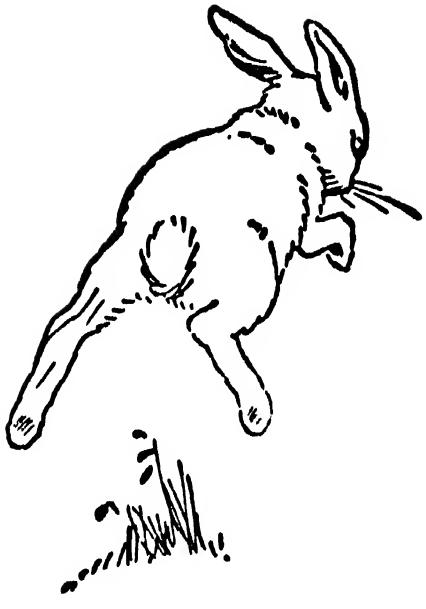
The fluffy kitten to a cat  
will grow, too,  
Sad to say.



It's hard to think the  
frisky lamb  
Will be a sheep sedate.

To tell you that this  
baby pig  
Will be a sow—I hate!



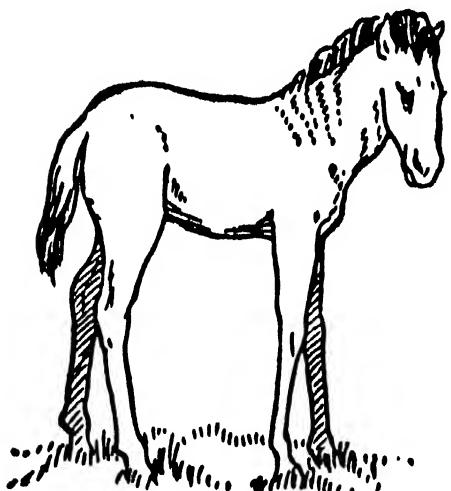


The pretty little leveret  
Will grow to be a  
hare.

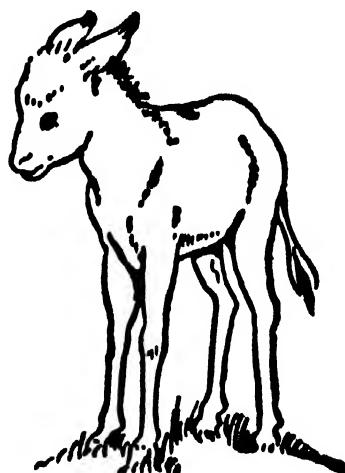
This woolly  
cub, if all  
goes well,



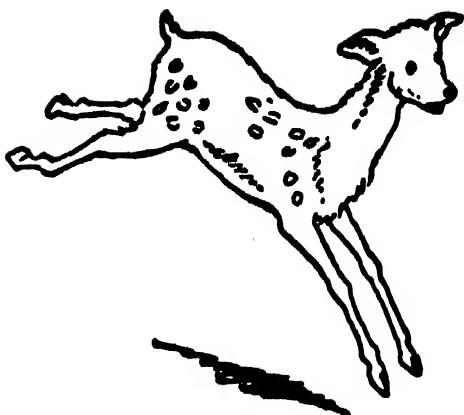
Quite soon will be a bear.



The colt in just a few  
months' time  
Will find he is a horse.

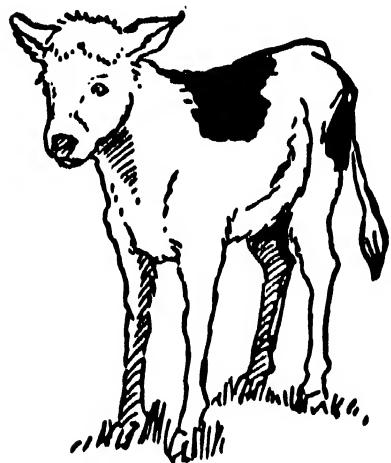


The ass's foal will turn  
into  
A donkey too, of course.



The little fawn will  
grow to be  
A great big antlered  
deer.

The calf, before so very  
long,  
Will be a cow, I fear.



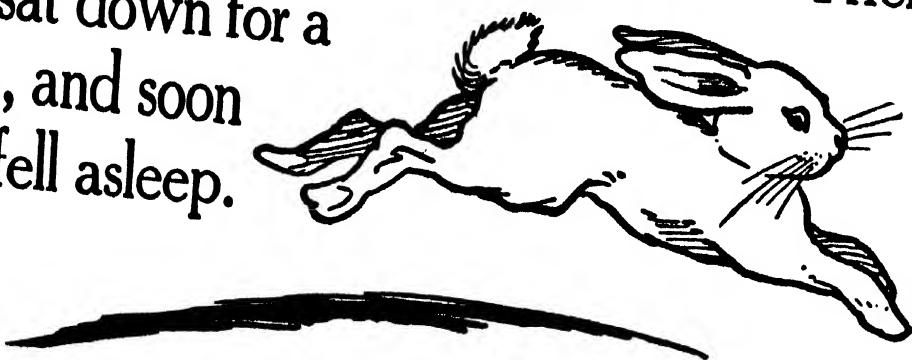
And oh ! It makes me  
feel quite sad,  
Whatever shall I do ?  
In just a few years' time,  
I s'pose,  
I shall be grown up  
too !

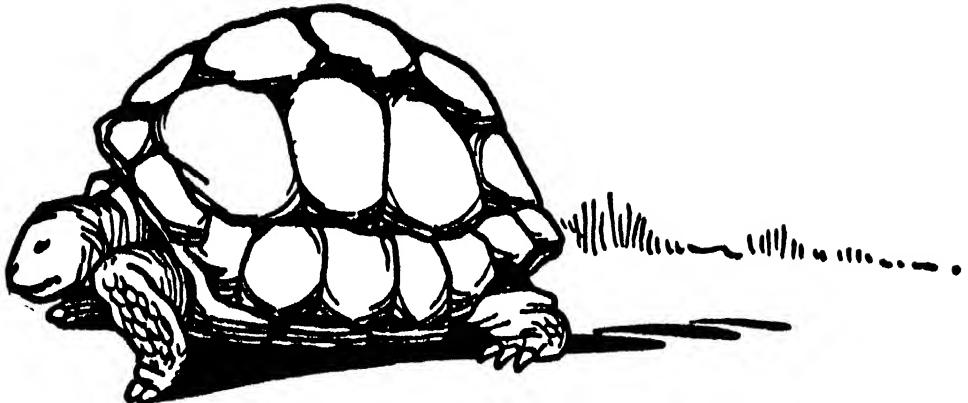
# THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.

“HA-HA!” laughed a hare one day, as he met a tortoise plodding slowly along the path. “What a slow, clumsy fellow you are! Why, I can run a hundred times faster than you!”

“We will have a race if you like,” replied the tortoise quietly.

“Right!” replied the hare, still laughing, and off he went, bounding along at a great rate, and leaving the poor old tortoise far behind him. Then he sat down for a rest, and soon he fell asleep.





Meanwhile the tortoise plodded slowly on. After some time he came to the hare, but seeing that he was asleep he was careful not to disturb him. At last, after a long, steady walk, he reached the end of the journey.

Soon afterwards the hare came bounding up, quite breathless, and looking very much ashamed of himself.

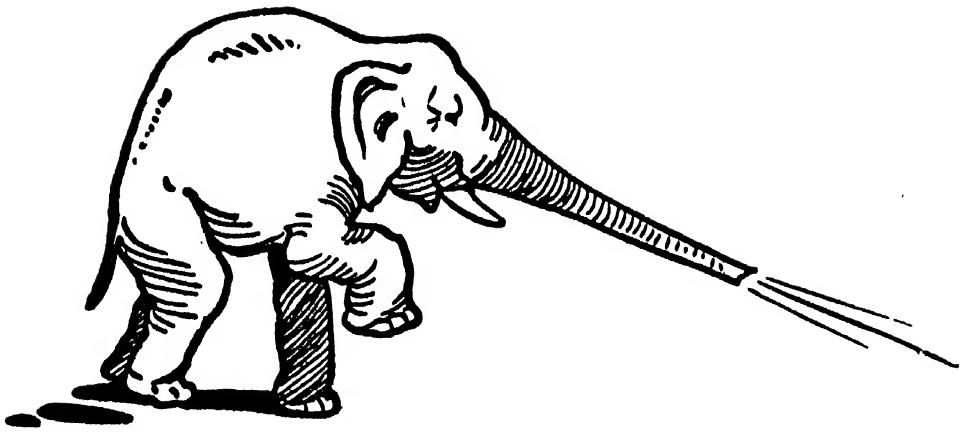
It was now the tortoise's turn to laugh, but he did not do so. He just said, very quietly :

“Slow and steady wins the race ! ”

# THE CLEVER ELEPHANT.

ONCE, in India, a native tailor used to sit on his mat, working, by the side of the road, and every morning a certain elephant used to pass him, with his mahout or keeper.

One day, the silly tailor, thinking that he would have a joke at the poor elephant's expense, held out his hand as though he had something nice to give the animal. The elephant at once moved its trunk towards him (like the elephants at the Zoo do, when you give them buns), and the unkind tailor pricked the soft, tender end of the trunk with his needle. Wasn't it cruel of him? The elephant went on his way, and did

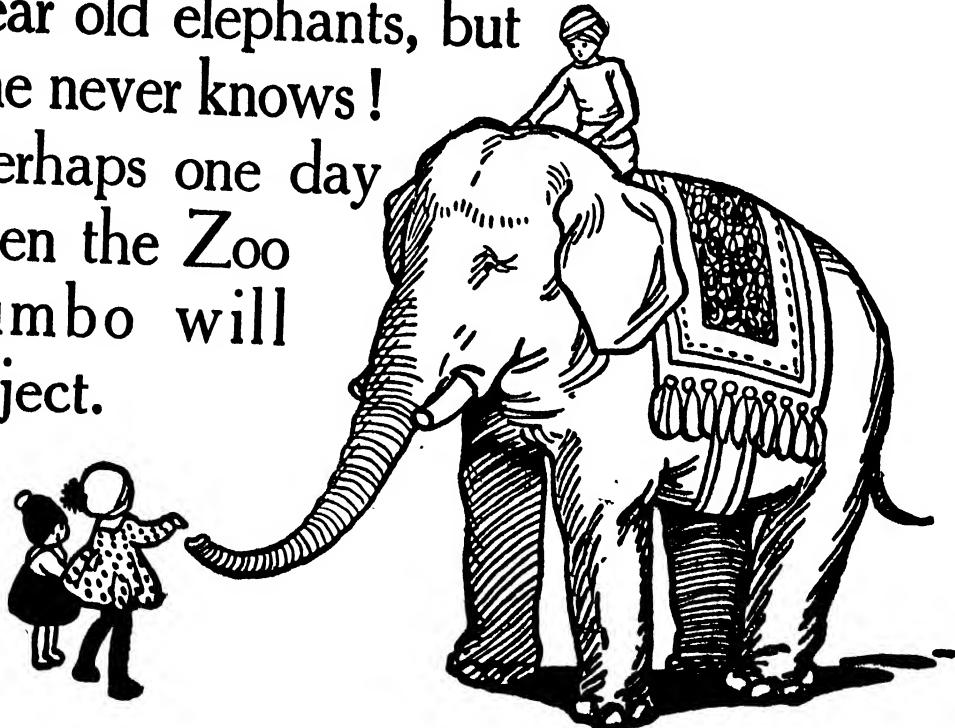


not appear to take much notice, but he had noticed, all the same, and the sharp, pricking pain in his trunk made him think of a way in which he would punish the tailor.

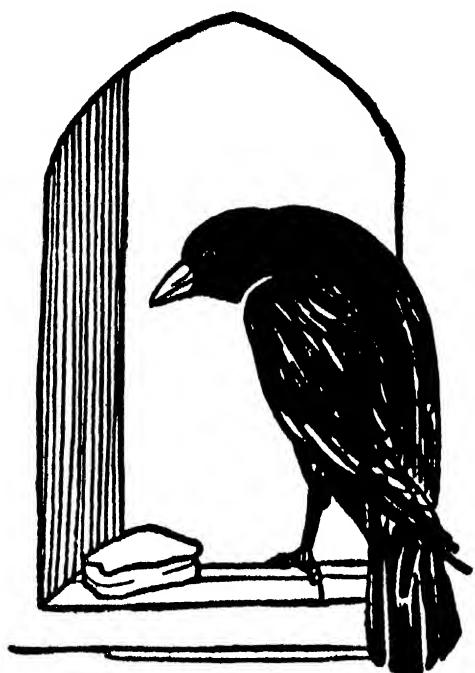
So the next day, before he left for his usual walk, the elephant filled his trunk with the dirtiest water he could find!—Quarts and quarts of it. Then, when the tailor looked up at him, as he lumbered past, he suddenly squirted all that dirty water full in the man's face!

Of course the tailor was very angry, and I expect he called the elephant all sorts of names, and his mahout, too, very likely—but I think it served the tailor right, don't you?

So when you are at the Zoo, don't give the elephant all sorts of things he can't eat. They are very patient, those dear old elephants, but one never knows! Perhaps one day even the Zoo Jumbo will object.



# THE FOX AND THE CROW.



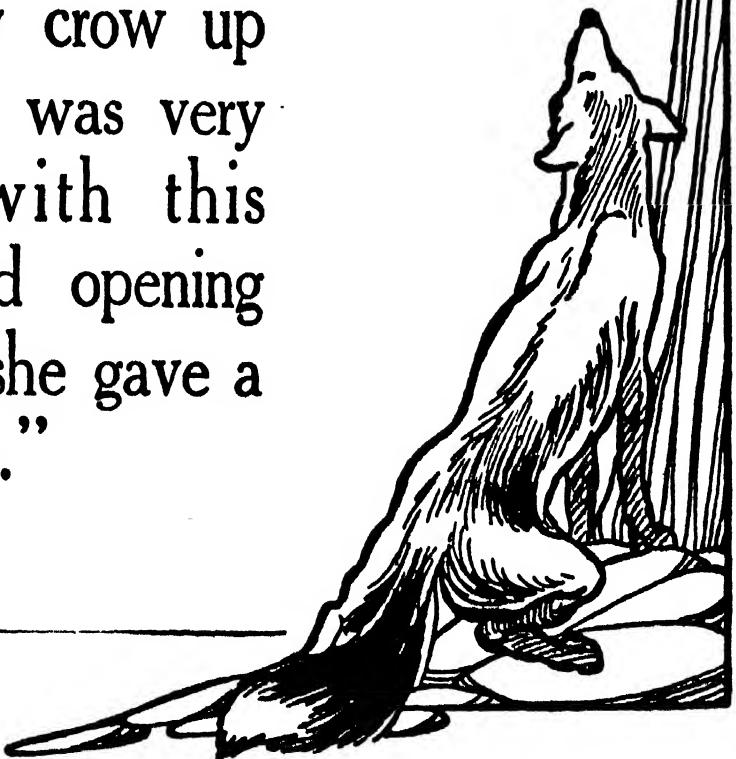
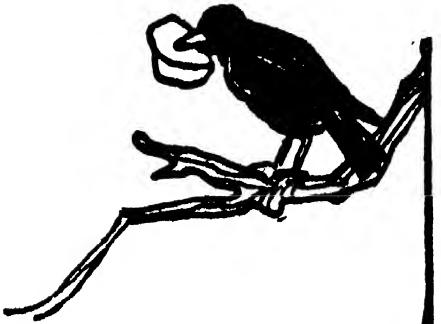
ONE day a hungry crow found a nice piece of cheese lying just outside a window. Picking it up in her bill, she flew off to a neighbouring tree with her prize, and prepared to enjoy it in comfort.

But a fox had seen the cheese, too, and trotting over to the tree he looked up at the crow as if admiring her very much.

“What beautiful wings you have!” he said, “and how glossy your feathers are! Your eyes, too, are brighter than

those of any other bird I have ever known! Does your voice equal your beauty? If you would sing a little song I should be delighted, and then too, I should be able to hear for myself."

The silly crow up in the tree was very pleased with this flattery, and opening her mouth she gave a loud "Caw."

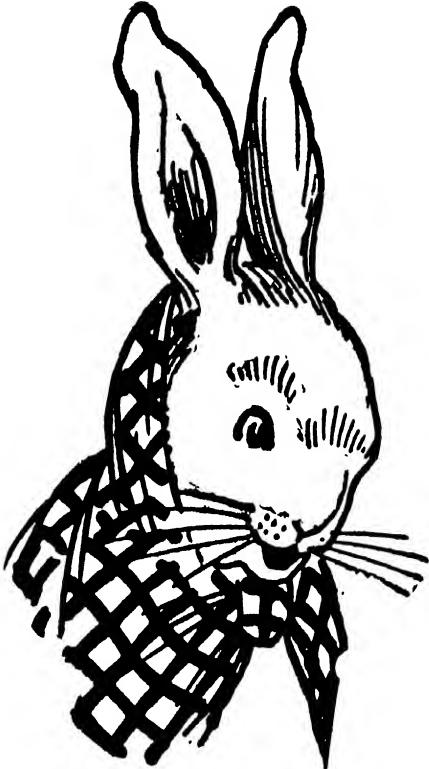


Of course the cheese at once fell out of her bill—and down into the open jaws of the fox, who walked away with it in triumph.

And as he went, the crow said sadly to herself :

“ Beware of flatterers ! ”





RICH  
MRS. BOB-TAIL

At number two the Warren,  
Lived Mrs. Bob-tail Bun,  
With all her little rabbits  
From Flap, the eldest son,  
Right down to tiny Topsy,  
Who was the youngest one.  
She'd scarcely any money,  
Her shoes were very worn,  
Her aprons past all mending

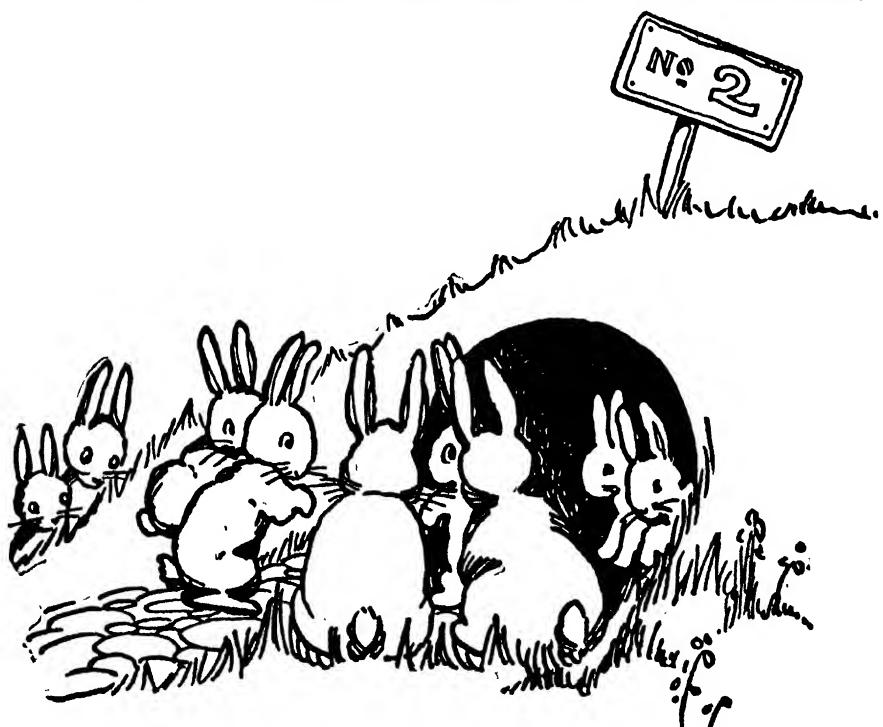
Because they were so torn,  
Yet Mrs. Bob-tail Bunny  
Was not a bit forlorn.

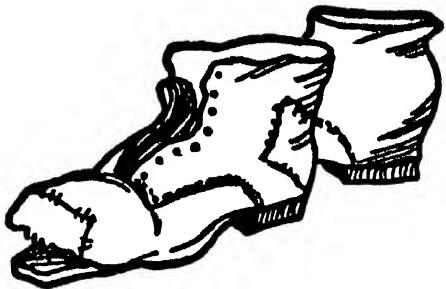
“I always feel quite happy,”  
Said Mrs. Bob-tail Bun  
To Mrs. Leslie Long-ears,  
Who lived at number one,  
“We’ve just enough to keep us,  
And life is full of fun !”



“My dear,” said Mrs. Long-ears  
To Leslie, that same night,  
“Poor Mrs. Bob-tail Bunny  
Is really not quite right!  
She talks of being happy,  
Yet looks a perfect sight.

“She has that tribe of children!  
She’s poor as she can be,  
Her clothes are so old-fashioned,





Her boots you ought  
to see!

I'm glad I'm rich!"

But Long-ears

Said, "Listen, dear, to me,

"Though Mrs. Bob-tail Bunny

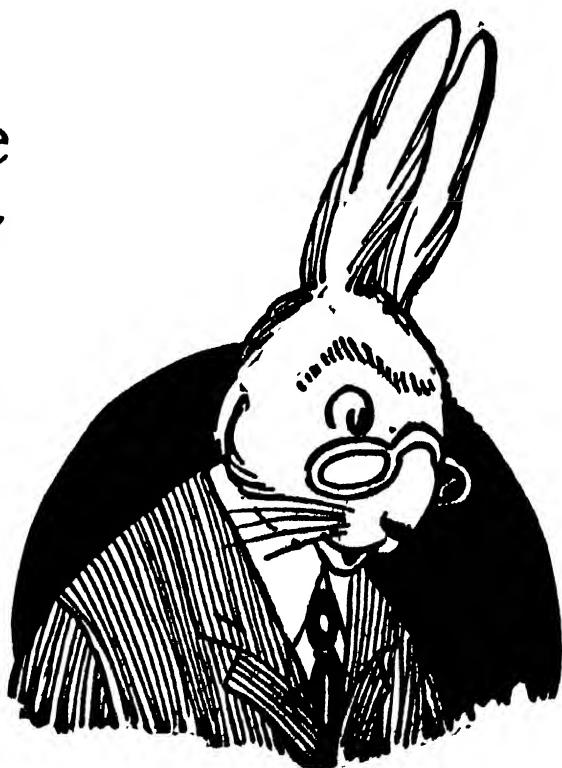
May scarcely have a cent

She's better off than we are,

I know just what  
she meant.

She has what we  
have not, my  
dear,

—A great store  
of Content!"





# THE STORY OF GILBERT GOSLING

Gilbert Gosling was on his way home from school.

It was such a lovely day that he went the long way round, past Reynard's Hollow.



“Good morning, little Gosling,” said a voice.



Gilbert did not know that the fox was an enemy. He went indoors with him to have some lemonade.

"Now I've got you," said Reynard, and he tied Gilbert up to the wood pile outside the back door.



Then he went off to fetch his biggest saucepan, and some herbs, and some apples for apple sauce.



Poor Gilbert Gosling  
shed big tears.

“Can I help you?”  
asked a voice.

It was Fanny Field-Mouse. With her sharp teeth she bit right through the cord that held Gilbert prisoner.

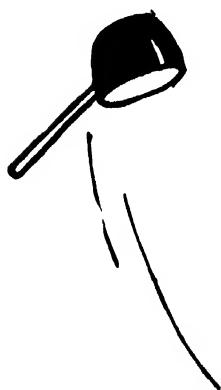


Then they raced off together across the field.



Mrs. Goose gave  
Fanny a whole wheel-  
barrow full of corn,  
she was so pleased  
with her.

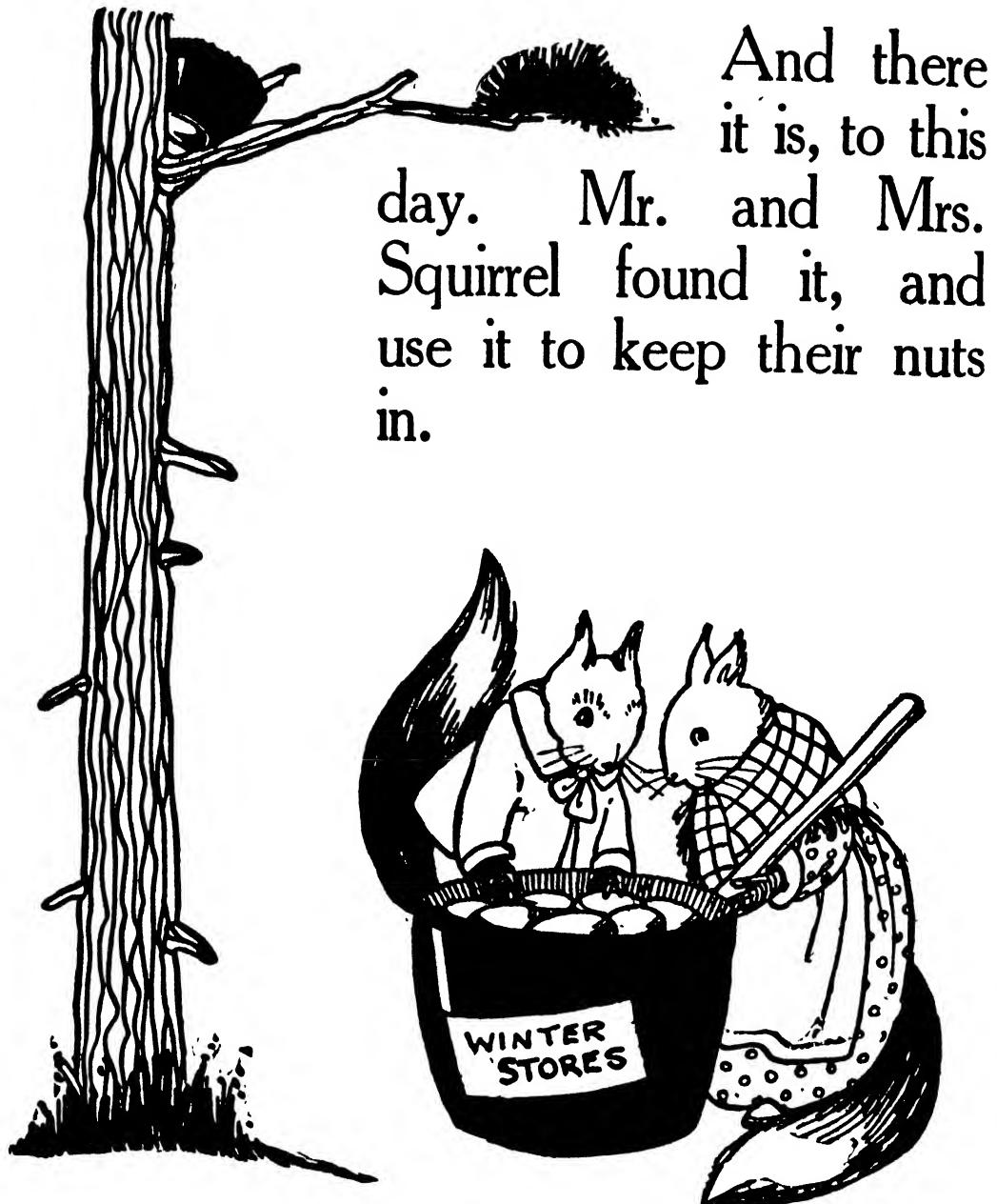
And Fanny trundled  
it home.



But Reynard was so angry  
that he kicked the  
saucepans  
right over  
the top of  
the house.



And up into a fir tree.



And there it is, to this day. Mr. and Mrs. Squirrel found it, and use it to keep their nuts in.

# DANDY

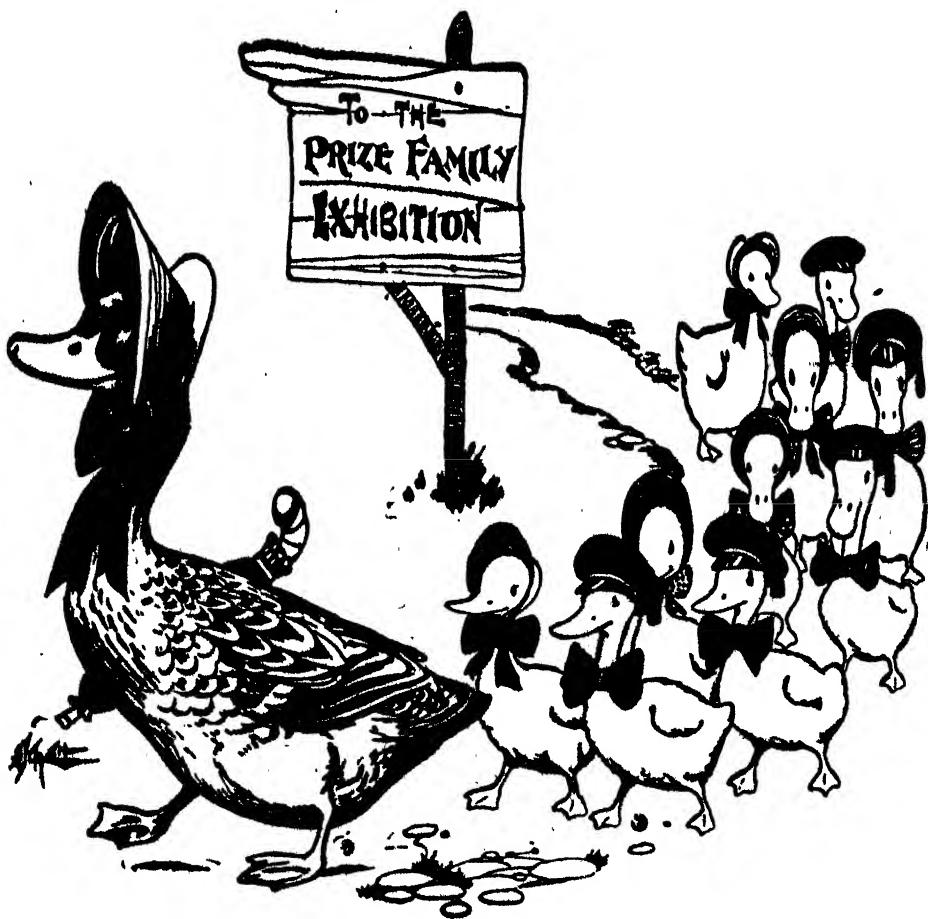
Now Dandy can do twice as much  
As other horses do,  
For other horses carry one  
But Dandy carries two.

Then I'm in front as driver  
And sister rides behind,  
And off we go together  
And Dandy doesn't mind.



If we shall go  
to India,  
Or Africa or  
Spain,  
He takes us  
there to-  
gether  
And brings us  
back again.

children ten  
Won the Prize at the Summer Show,  
And waddled home again;  
Each duck with a brother,  
They followed their mother  
Two by two to the pond again.







LITTLE BO-PEEP



H.B.C.M.L.

# MARYBUD AND THE BIRDS

Marybud stood by the nursery window, watching the snowflakes as they whirled past. It was ever so cold, and the ground was covered with a soft white carpet.

"Poor little dickey-birds," said Marybud. "They can't find any food. All the berries are covered up under the snow."

Then she had a bright idea. Running to the kitchen, she begged for a piece of nice crumby bread, and soon she had strewn a meal of crumbs outside the nursery window.



By-and-bye a little bird came and hopped

on to the sill and, picking up the biggest crumb, he flew off with it.

Then another little bird came, and then another, till all Marybud's crumbs were gone.

So every morning, while the cold weather lasted, Marybud covered the nursery window sill with crumbs, and the birds grew more and more bold and friendly. At last they would hop about on the sill quite happily even though the little girl was quite close to them, and once a robin took a crumb from her hand. Marybud **was** pleased.



But by-and-bye the days grew brighter. The snow had melted right away, and the birds no longer seemed to need the crumbs on the window sill. They were able to find other food quite easily.

Marybud felt quite sad. "I'll have to wait until next winter before they come back," she sighed. "Oh dear, I should love to have a little bird of my very own."



And that very day, what do you think happened?

A present arrived for Marybud from kind old Mrs. Forbes, who lived across

the road. It was a lovely new birdcage  
and inside it was the dearest, sweetest  
little canary you ever saw !

Mrs. Forbes had watched Marybud



every day, as she  
was feeding her  
hungry family of  
birds, and she knew  
that the little girl  
would be kind to any  
pet that she

might have. So  
she sent her that  
dear little canary  
for her very own.

Wasn't that nice?





# COOKING DAY

Mary made some Sally Lunns,  
Soda cakes and currant buns.  
Bet and Baby came to look.  
(Mary was a splendid cook.)

Mary left them on a tray,  
Closed the door, and  
went away.

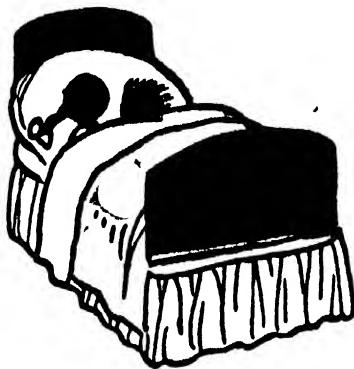


Bet and Baby, by and bye,  
Thought they'd each have one to try.  
They **were** nice ! Bet ate eleven !  
Baby, too, demolished seven !

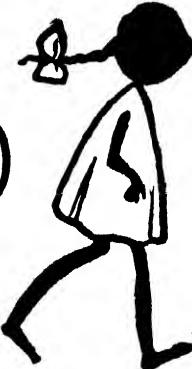
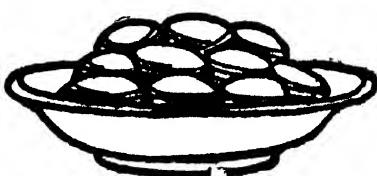


Now, alas, they're  
feeling seedy.  
“Dears,” says Mum-  
my, “You've been  
greedy.

You were going out with me,  
Off to Auntie Nan's for tea,  
Now, alas, I fear, instead,  
You will have to stay in bed."



Now, when buns  
And Sally Lunns  
On a tray  
Appear—why, they  
(Bet and Baby)  
Feeling, maybe  
They will steal,  
Turn on their heel  
“No,” they say,  
“We'll look away!”  
(And so they do.  
It's quite, quite true!)



My first is in currant, but not in fig,

My second's in sow, but not in pig,

My third is in goat, but not in ship,

My fourth is in slide,

and also in slip.

My fifth is in noun,

but not in word,

My whole is  
the name of a  
dear wee bird.



CAN YOU  
GUESS THIS  
LITTLE  
ACROSTIC?



## JACK AND HIS WISHES

If Jack could have  
his wishes,

What a lot of things he'd be !  
An Indian, a smuggler, and  
A sailor on the sea.

He'd be a bus  
conductor,  
And an engine-  
driver too,  
The Emperor of  
China, and  
A keeper at the  
Zoo.



He'd love to be a chimney-sweep  
(And never wash his hands),  
An airman, and a donkey boy  
On sunny Margate sands.

He'd be a famous doctor, and  
He'd charge  
a great big  
fee.

If . . . . .  
If Jack could  
have his  
wishes,  
What a lot  
of things  
he'd be!



And now we'll find  
some game to play  
Whenever it's  
a rainy day.



It doesn't matter if it pours—  
We'll do some gardening indoors:  
Just draw a line from 1 to 2,  
And then to 3.

It's fun to do.

And when you

28

get to 43

26

You'll see, my

30

dear, what you

32

will see!

25.

27.

2

31

23

3

35

34

24

43

39

36

22. 6

42

37

21. 7

40

38

41

20. 8

11

12

13

10.

14

9

10

16

19.

18. 17

Looking like some wee fairy's boat,  
We'll see the water-lily float.



We must grow something useful, too.

How would the homely turnip do?

• 6      5      3  
• 2

• 7 •  
• 4      • 1      • 23  
• 8      • 22

9 •

• 21

10 •

• 20

• 19

11

12      13  
• 18

14

• 17

15 •

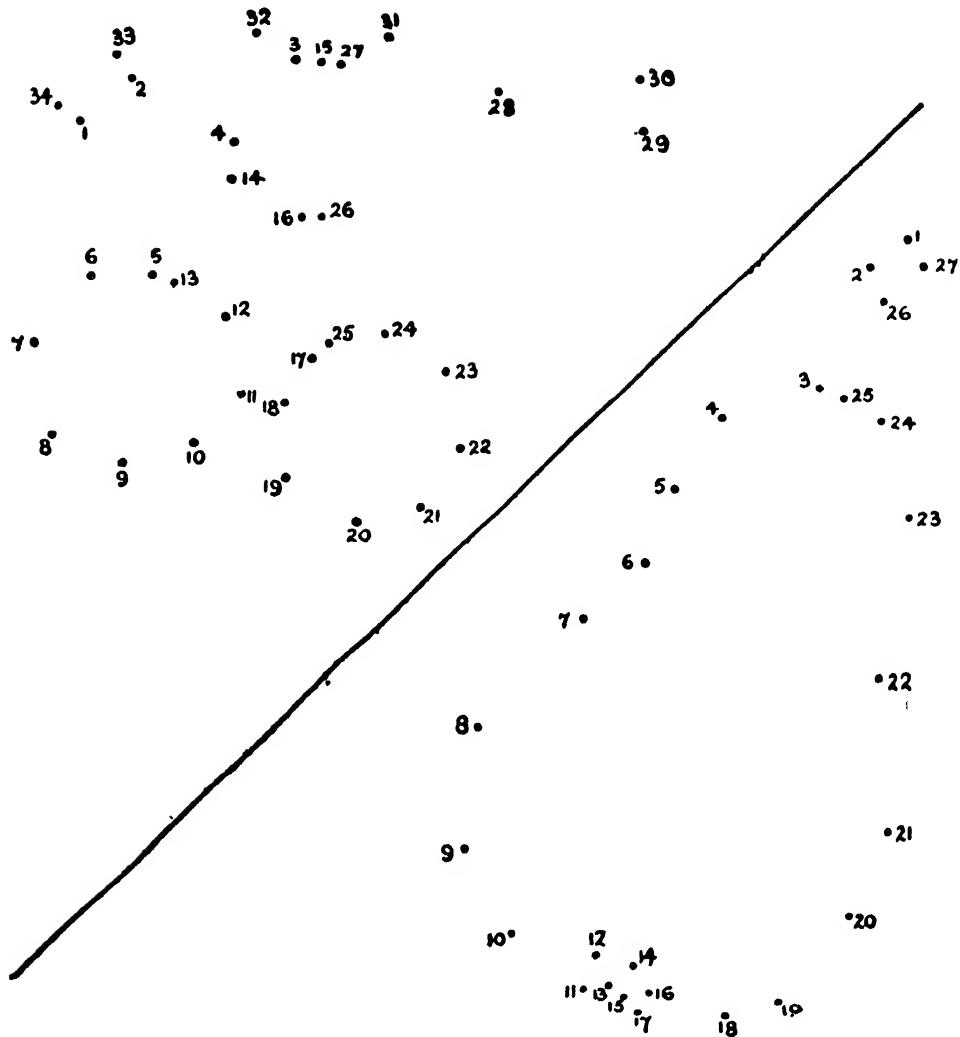
The carrot is a useful thing,  
Our pencil will some fine ones bring.

- !2
- 2 •
- 16
- 4
- 5 •
- 10 •
- 11
- 13 •
- 15
- 17
- 14 •
- 19
- 25
- 20
- 9
- 24
- 29
- 26
- 21
- 27
- 8
- 23 •
- 6
- 28
- 22

I think we'd like an apple, too—  
How will this nice big pippin do?



And two more fruits you'll find below,  
In orchards they quite often grow.



# THE BRAVE DUTCH DOLLY



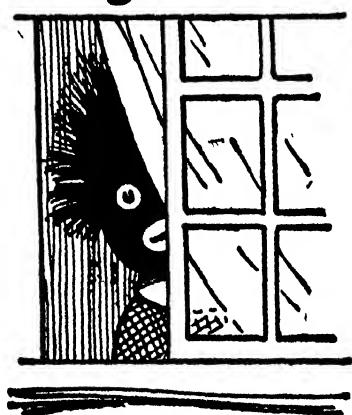
Dutch Dolly lived in a little wooden house in Toy Town.

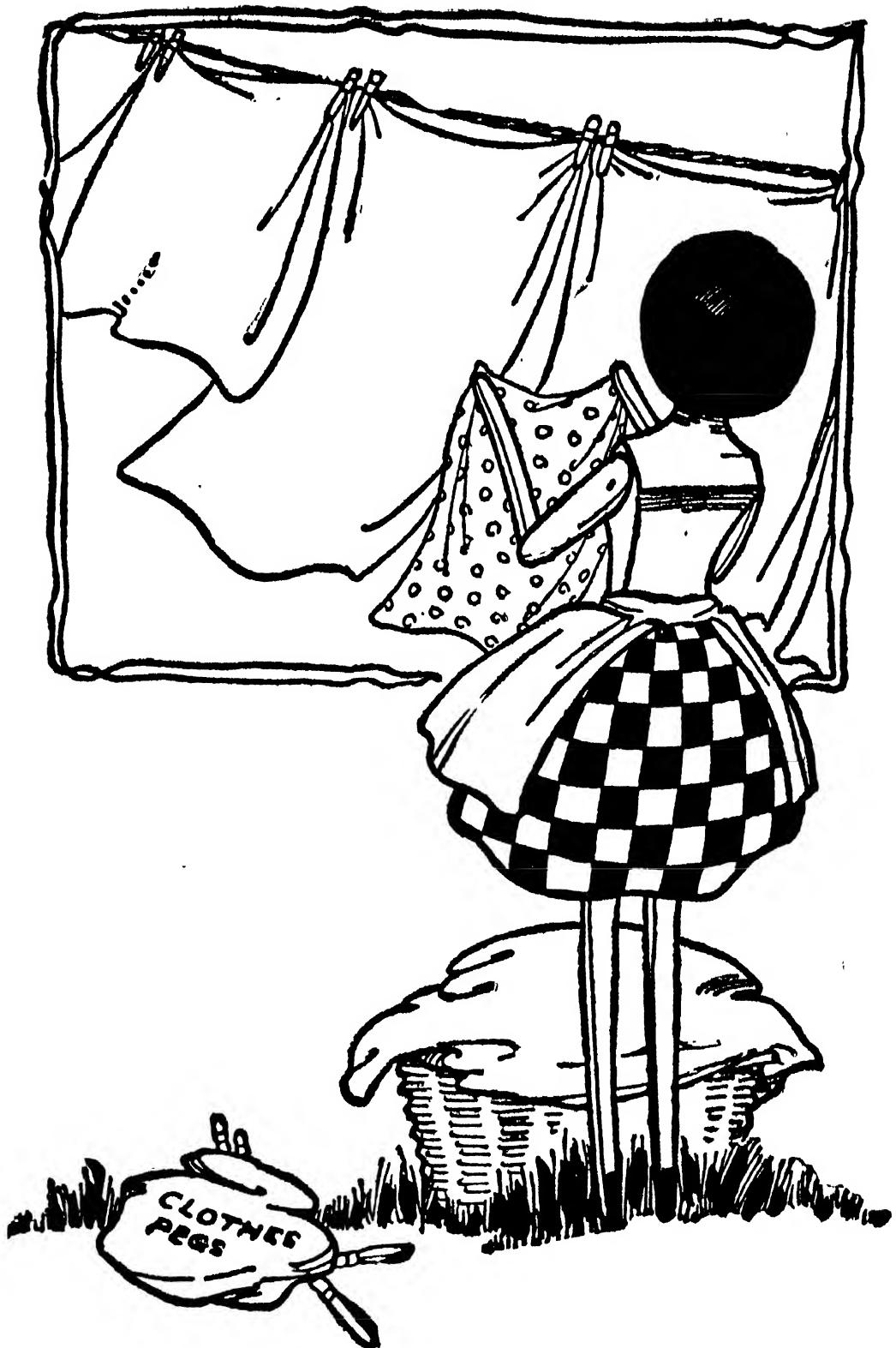
Next door to her lived Teddy-bear.

One morning Dutch Dolly was hanging out her washing on the line—



when she  
felt sure that she  
saw a **strange face**  
looking out  
of Teddy-  
bear's bed-  
room win-  
dow.

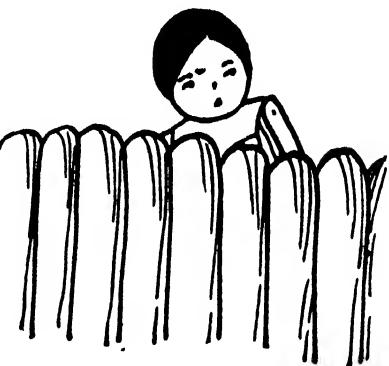






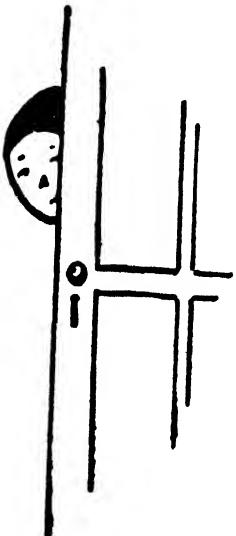
Who could it be?  
Teddy-bear had gone out  
shopping, she knew.

She peeped over the  
fence. Teddy-bear's  
back door was open.



Dutch Dolly crept into  
Teddy's garden and in  
through the back  
door.

Then she crept upstairs  
and peeped into Teddy's  
bedroom.



A burglar was there!  
He was turning out  
Teddy-bear's chest of  
drawers.



Dutch Dolly  
turned the key  
in the lock and crept  
downstairs again.



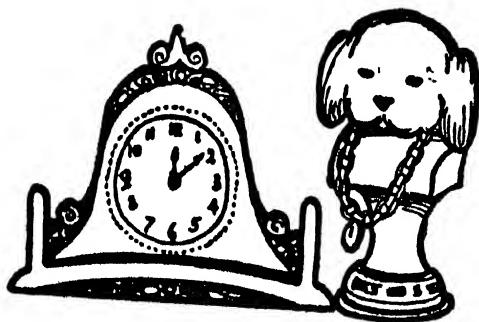
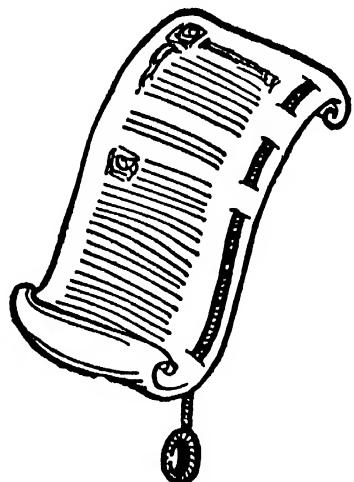
Then she ran and  
fetched a policeman.  
He soon took the  
burglar prisoner.





Teddy-bear didn't  
know how to thank brave  
Dutch Dolly enough,

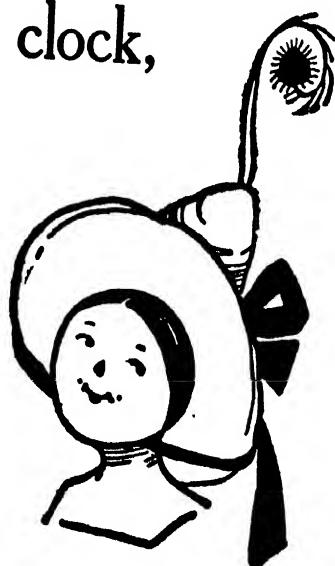
and the Mayor and  
Corporation of Toy  
Town presented her with  
a beautiful address and a



marble bust of the  
Mayor, and also a  
bronze clock,

and a new hat.

(She liked the new  
hat best.)



# WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO, MY PRETTY MAID?



"Where are you going to,  
my pretty maid?"

"I'm going  
a milking,  
sir,"

she said.



"May I go with you, my  
pretty maid?"

"You're  
kindly  
welcome,  
sir," she said.

"What is your father, my  
pretty maid?"

"My father's a  
farmer, sir,"

she said.

"What is your fortune, my  
pretty maid?"

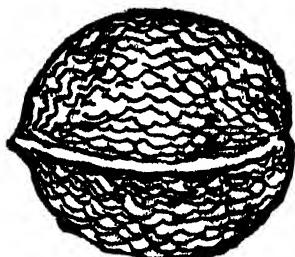
"My face is  
my fortune,  
sir," she said.

"Then I can't marry you,  
my pretty maid!"

"Nobody asked you, sir,"  
she said.

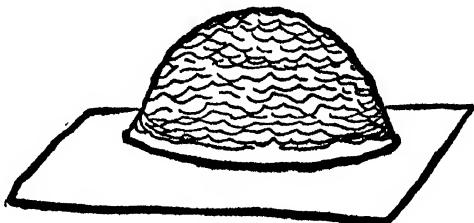


# A TOY TORTOISE

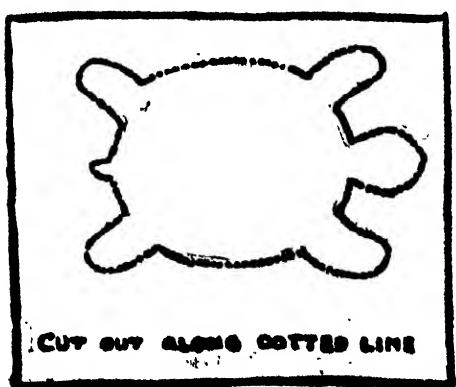


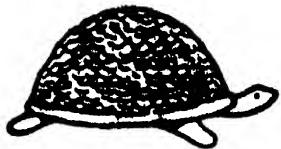
Here is the way to make a tiny toy tortoise for Baby.

Procure the half shell of a large walnut and lay it on a piece of cardboard, drawing a line with your pencil round the edge of the walnut shell.



Now remove the shell, and add with your pencil a head, tail, and four legs to the outline of the tortoise. Paint these to match the walnut shell, and then seccotine the flat rim of the shell on to the cardboard shape.





Leave to dry and harden. Then bend the cardboard head slightly upwards, and the legs downwards.

Now your tortoise is finished !

A whole family of little tortoises can be made in this way, and Baby will be sure to like them—especially if you have a **real** tortoise in the garden.



# FAIRY TEA-CUPS

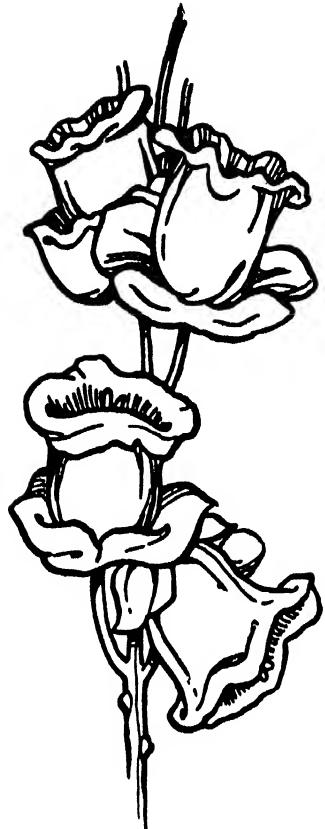
Baby Bunting was strolling down the garden path where the Canterbury bells grew. They were white ones—the kind that look like dear little cups inside wee saucers. Baby Bunting loved them.

But this afternoon Baby Bunting suddenly stood still and gave a little whistle of surprise.



The plants looked different ! Lots of the dear little flowers were gone, and only the stalks remained.

“Oh-h-h !” said Baby Bunting.



"Somebody's been pulling off our tea-cup flowers—I—"

Hark! Surely that was the sound of voices?

Baby Bunting peered behind a clump of tall flowers which grew near. Beyond them was a little square patch of grass, and—right in the middle of the grass—what do you think was going on?

A fairy tea-party!

There could be no doubt about it!

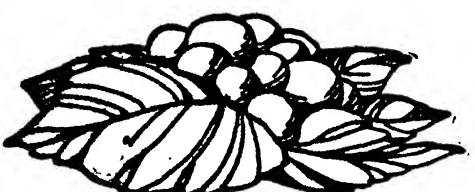
In the middle of the group sat the Fairy Queen,





with a little gold crown on her head, and all round her were gathered her ladies - in - waiting, while busy little elves ran to and fro, carrying plates made of rose petals, on which rested the most delicious little cakes you ever saw. Piles of sugared violets and cherries were arranged on leafy dishes, and as the fairies helped themselves to the good things they talked and laughed merrily.

But what surprised Baby Bunting most of all was to see their tea-cups. They were the little white Canterbury bell flowers that were missing from the plants. Now these flowers





were standing in a row  
on the grass, and a busy  
elfin butler was filling  
them to the brim with  
honey dew.

“Well!” gasped Baby  
Bunting, staring in sur-  
prise, “I didn’t think  
fairies would do such a  
thing! To take our flowers and—”

But at the first sound of a human voice the fairies scattered right and left. Off went the elves with the plates and dishes, the ladies-in-waiting gathered up the Fairy Queen’s train, and before Baby Bunting could reach the spot every one of them had disappeared. Only the Canterbury bell flowers remained!



"THE LADIES-IN-WAITING GATHERED UP THE FAIRY QUEEN'S TRAIN."

"I'm sorry I frightened them so," said Baby Bunting, gathering up the little white flowers, "but I do think the fairies ought to have asked if they might use our tea-cups!"

• • • • •

In a few days  
a lot more flowers  
had come out on  
the Canterbury  
bell plants, and they looked as pretty  
as ever. But the fairies never took  
any more of them to use as tea-cups.  
I expect they were ashamed to,  
don't you?

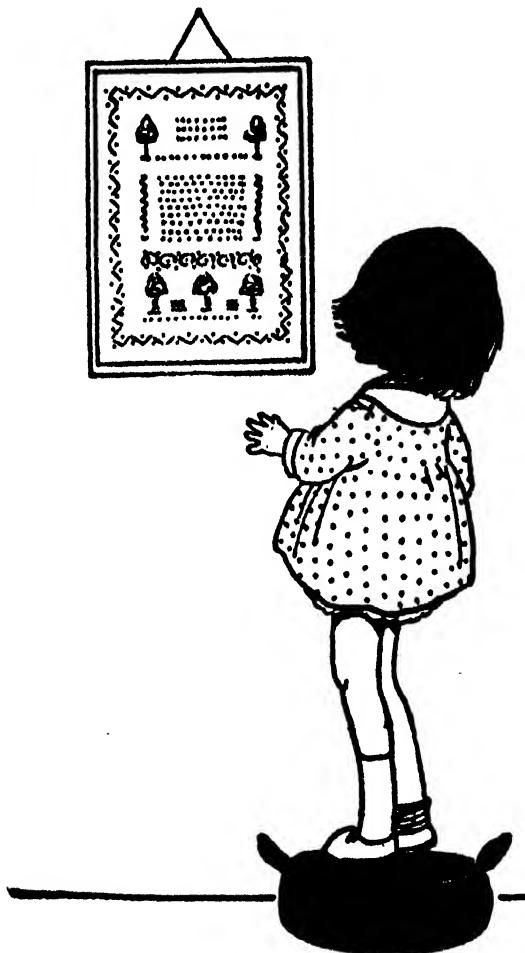


# THE SAMPLER.

Great Grandmamma's sampler is ever  
so old,

And it hangs on the dining-room wall ;  
And among the big pictures it looks  
rather sad,

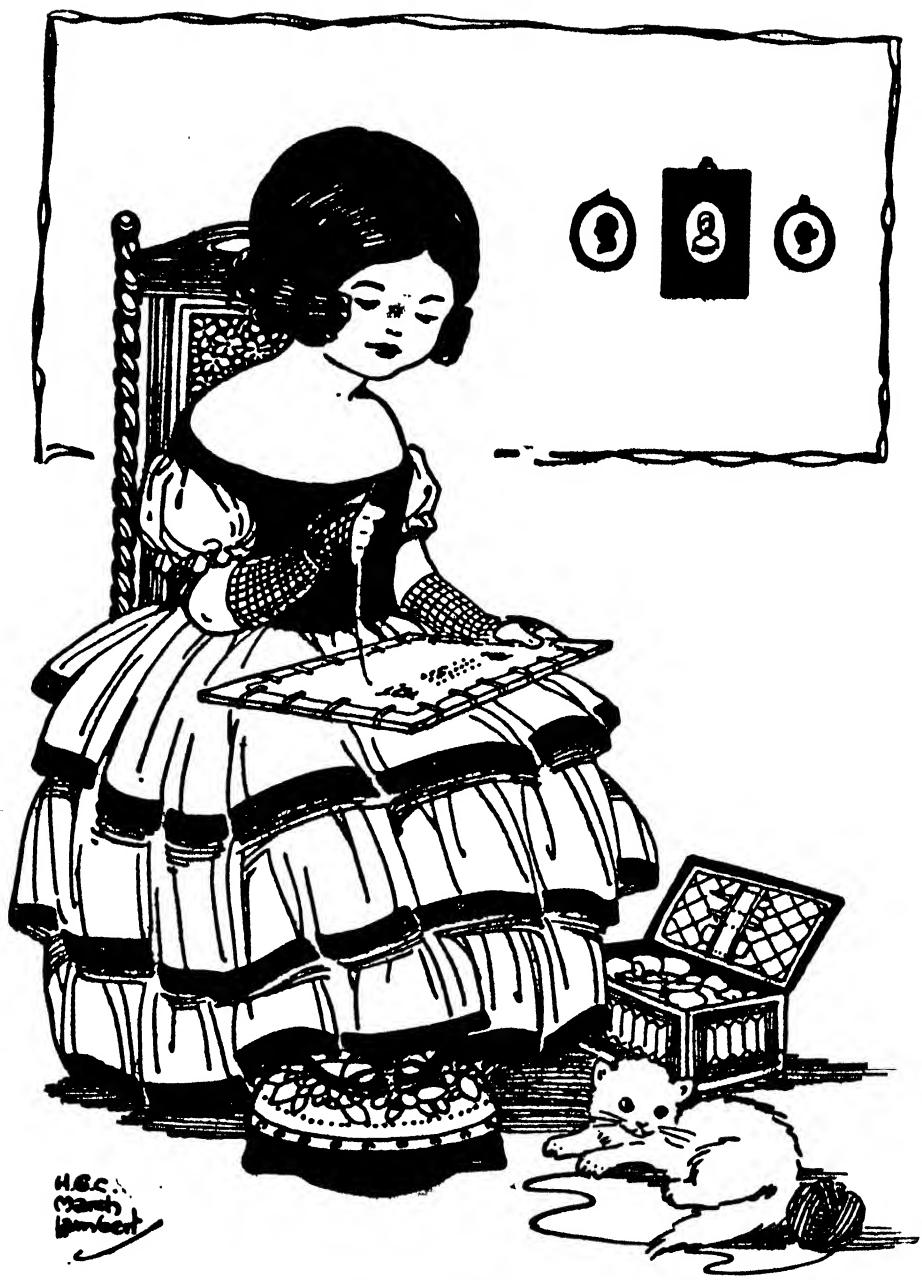
-Rather faded, and yellow, and small.



But I love that old  
sampler Great  
Grandmamma did.  
I love it the best of  
them all.

Great Grand-  
mamma worked it  
when she was a  
child,

Just a tiny girl  
smaller than me,



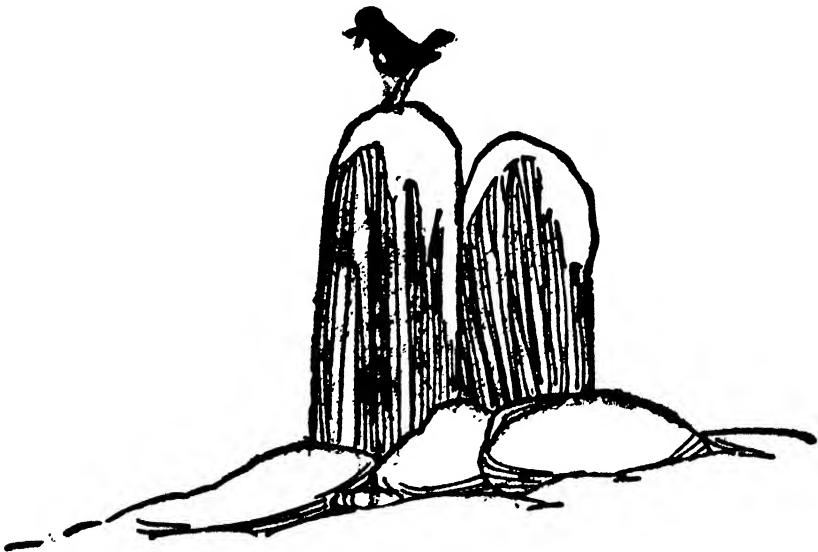
THE SAMPLER.

H.G.C.  
March  
1890

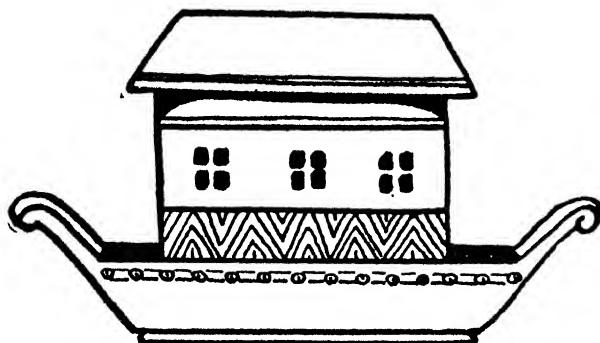
Yet the letters and patterns are beautif'ly  
done,  
And the stitches are ever so wee  
—And I think I can see her, those long  
years ago,  
With her 'broidery frame on her knee.  
I think I can see her, so earnest and  
still,  
So little and prim and  
sedate,  
With her plump fingers  
flying now  
in and now  
out,—  
(She finish-  
ed it when  
she was  
eight)



—And her head on one side as she  
pauses to see  
If her stitches are really quite straight.  
Great Grandmamma's sampler is ever  
so old,  
And it hangs on the dining-room wall ;  
And among the big pictures it looks  
rather sad,  
—Rather faded, and yellow, and small.  
But I love that old sampler, Great  
Grandmamma did.  
I love it the best of them all !



# THE NOAH'S ARK

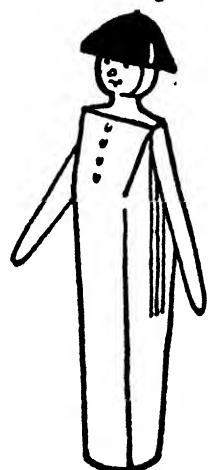


It was night-time in the nursery—which means, of course, that it was the time when toys walk and talk—when you and I are fast asleep.

But the toys in **this** nursery had become very lazy indeed, and quarrelsome, too, so that the nights were just filled up with squabbles, and the toys did nothing useful at all.

**It was** a sad state of affairs.

So Mr. Noah was thinking as he stepped out of his brightly-painted Ark, and looked round





at the other toys. The Noah's Ark was new in the nursery, and this was Mr. Noah's first night there.

In front of him was a large dolls' house, but the three Dutch dolls who lived there were outside gossiping with a tin soldier and not attempting to tidy up their house, which looked as if it had not been cleaned for weeks. Near-by stood a stable, in which were some horses, but the little wooden stableman who was supposed to



look after them was watching a stand-up fight between Teddy-bear and Golly. Two dolls were also standing looking on—Miranda and Gwendoline—they really ought to have been at home mending



their frocks, which weren't fit to be seen. Mr. Noah sighed: it was all rather sad. "Still, I needn't be lazy because others are," he said to himself, and he set to work to bring out his animals and



feed them. Then he cleaned the Ark well, inside and out, and soon had it looking as neat as a new pin.

By-and-by, two of the Dutch dolls from the dolls' house strolled past.

"How bright the Ark looks," said one.

"I'll come along and help you with **your** house, if you like," said Mr. Noah kindly, and soon the house was looking ever so much better.

"Now," said Mr. Noah to the stableman, "what about your horses? They need a bit of grooming, don't they?"

The little wooden stableman looked rather ashamed, but set to and helped, and soon stable and horses were finished.

Mr. Noah's example and good temper were so "catching," that the toys left off quarrelling and really began to take an interest once more in their work.

And now—well—you really wouldn't believe it was the same nursery!

"If it hadn't been for Mr. Noah," said Miranda, as she and Gwendoline sat sewing in the toy cupboard, "we should have gone on quarrelling and being lazy for ever, I suppose."

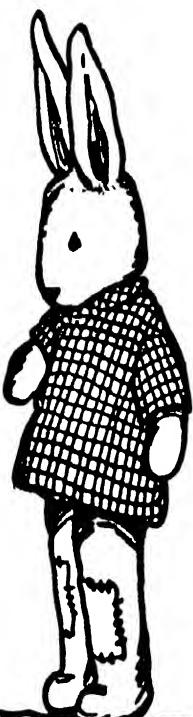
"Yes," sighed Gwendoline, "and instead we're all just as happy as can be."

"Three cheers for Mr. Noah!" called out Teddy-bear.



# BABY BUNTING'S "FAM'LY"

When Baby Bunting goes to bed,  
The "Fam'ly" must go too,  
And when you call to say "Good-night,"  
They all get shown to you.



They're made of plush and  
furry cloth,  
And mostly stuffed with bran.  
And Peter is the best beloved  
He is a dear wee man.  
(He's really Peter Rabbit,  
though,  
With tiny shirt of blue,  
And Mummy's had to patch  
him where  
His knees were coming through.)

Then next him is a "Chickie" queer,  
With beak and eyes so green,

The very strangest chicken  
that

I think I've ever seen.

Joey and 'Possum next to  
him,

And then a dear grey  
Bunny.

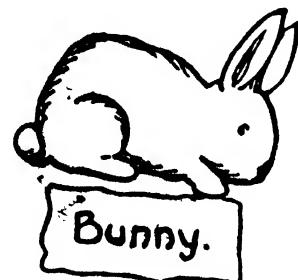


(Young Joey is a  
monkey small,  
And 'Possum's  
very funny)

His nose is snub, his  
tail is fat,

And—well—I must confess,  
That just **what** little 'Possum is  
No one can ever guess!

And next comes cuddly  
Teddy bear,

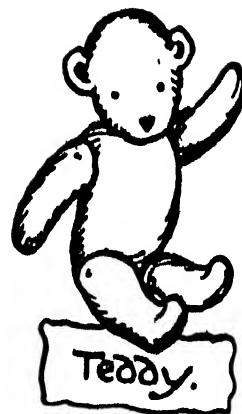


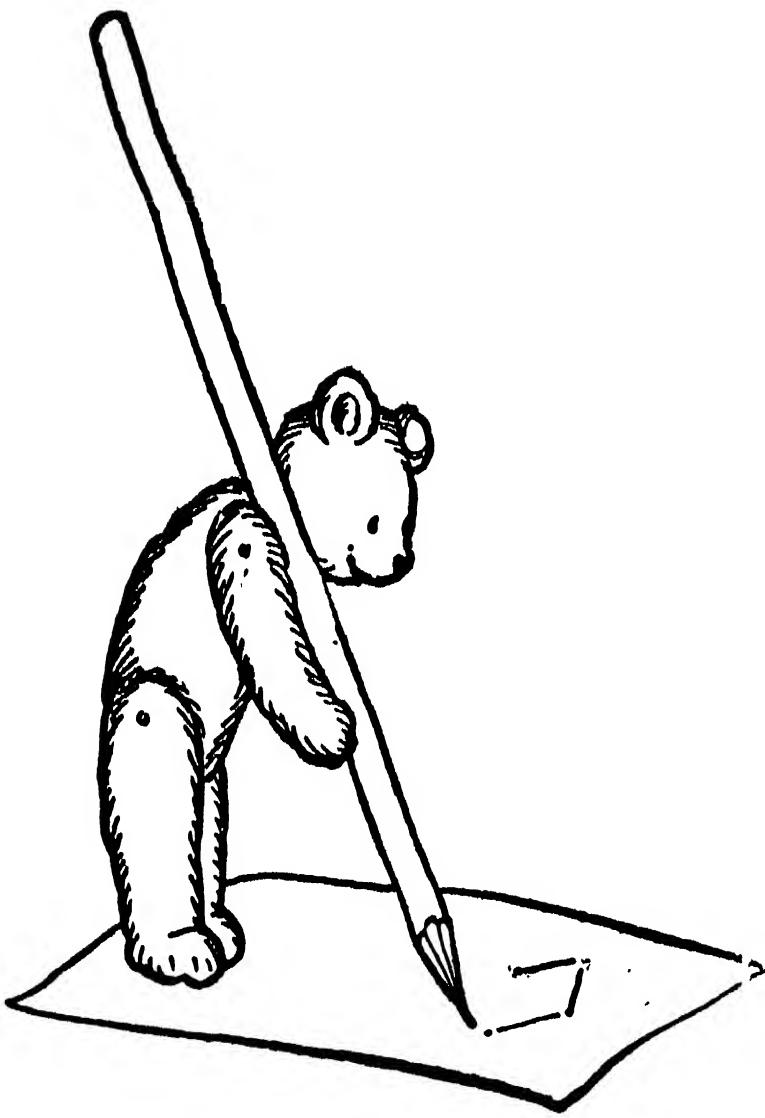
And then no less than five  
Dear doggies in a little row,  
All looking quite alive!

“Here’s Bobby, Sandy,  
Paddy, Pip,”

Will Baby Bunting say,  
And Timothy—who’s like the dog  
That b’longs to Auntie May.”

So then you kiss them, one and all,  
And Baby says, “That’s right.”  
And when you’ve tucked the blankets in  
You wish them all “Good-night.”





Now shall we have another game ?  
We'll turn this page and do the same  
As once before. Just draw a line  
From 1 right on to 29—

And then you'll find you've drawn a  
toy

Which on a windy day gives joy.

3

.2

4

22

• 21

• 14

71

23. 30

15

24.

• 88

8

• 6

135

19° 46' 13"

10

27-

16

17

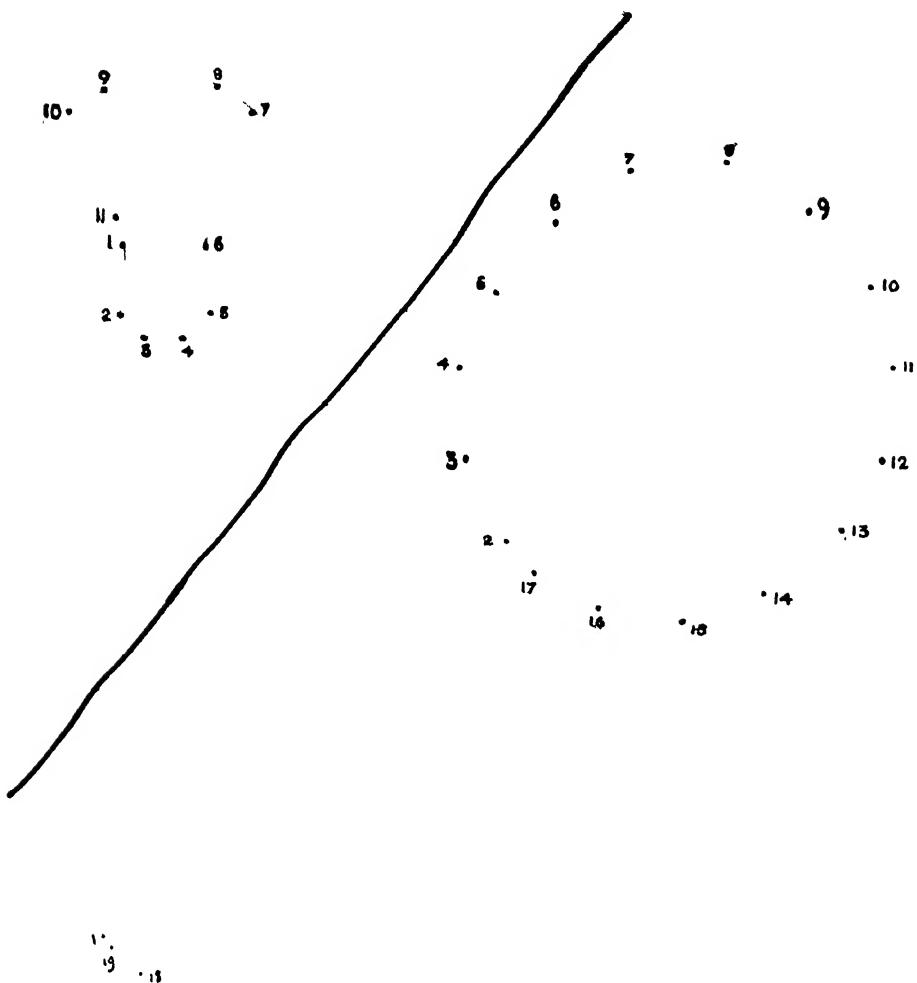
1

• 10

28

• 29

And here you have another one  
Which often gives us lots of fun.



And now we'll draw a funny sight,  
Which sometimes makes us jump with  
fright !

27.

• 25 . 24

26  
②

• 23

28.

29.

• 30

• 22

31.

• 21

32.

• 20

33.

34

19.

• 18

17.

15.

• 16

13.

• 14

2.  
• 3

11.

• 12

9.

• 10

7.

8. • 4

Below you'll find a dear old friend  
With whom you play for hours on end.

12.  
13. • 11.  
• 14. • 8.  
15. • 10. • 7.  
9. • 6.  
• 5.  
16. • 4.  
• 3.  
17. • 2.  
18. • 1.  
36.  
  
19. • 35.  
• 32.  
• 34.  
• 33.  
• 31.  
  
20. • 30. • 29. • 28.  
  
21. • 26. • 27. • 24.  
25.  
  
• 23.  
  
• 22.

And on this page, we've both agreed,  
To draw a very fiery steed.

3. .5  
2. .6  
2. .4  
2. .9  
C

1. 38 .35 .10 .11 .12  
40. 39 37 + 36 .13  
16. .14  
35 + 32 29 26 25 22 .19 .15

31. 30 .28 .27 24 25 21. .20

I simply love my  
castle,

I think that  
you would too,  
If only I could show you  
As I'd simply love to do.

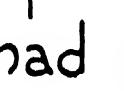
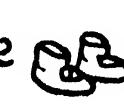
But, sad to say, I cannot—

You'll never meet me  
there—

• • • • •  
Because, you see, my  
castle  
Is a castle in the  
air!

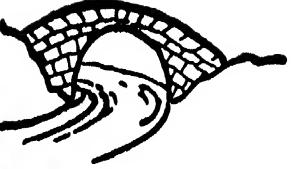


# Van Violetp !

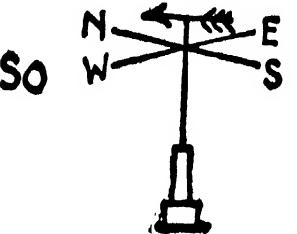
Once there was a  named . She had blue , and golden , and  fear she was very vain. 1 day, when her  was out,  put on her best , which  had  and  in it, and her velvet  and silk  and white  and went off down the road.

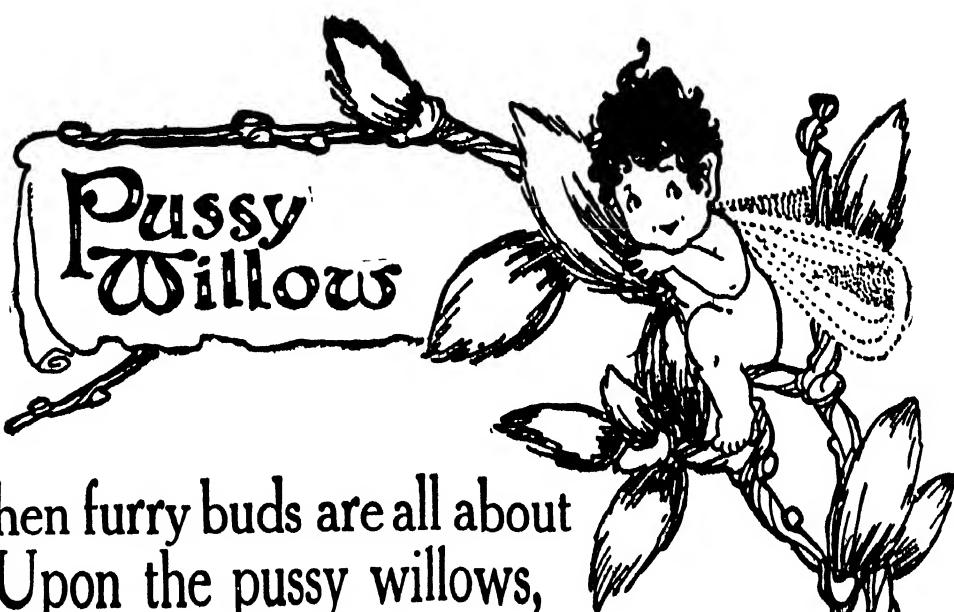
" the children who  me will  NV me," she said 

her  But soon it began  2 rain, and  had no 

**G** back at the   
led to her  she  
~~sinned~~ - h Fell  
in  ! 

she was so wet, - and **G**  
with dirt from    
"Ha-ha!" laughed the   
who saw it happen. "It will  
 a lesson to her .

And it was!  is  nearly  
 now,  am  
  say



## Pussy Willows

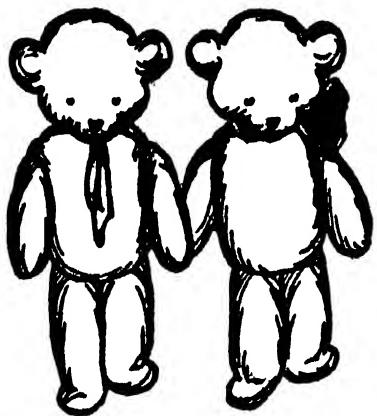
When furry buds are all about  
Upon the pussy willows,  
The fairy folk soon find it out  
And use it for their pillows.

Then busy are the Brownie men,  
Those downy buds they take,  
And turn them inside out, and then  
Such cosy caps they make.



Those fluffy little  
buds of fur  
An Elf's wife  
simply loves..  
And so he takes  
them home to her  
To make their winter  
gloves.

# TIMSY AND TOMSY



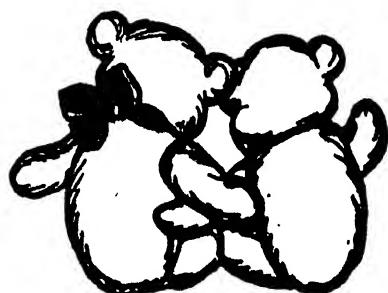
Timsy and Tomsy were two little teddy-bears. They lived in Jack's nursery, and Jack was very fond of them, and they were very fond of each other.

But although they loved each other dearly, they sometimes squabbled, and then of course they were sad until they had made it up again.

One morning they squabbled dreadfully.

It happened like this.

Jack, when he came down in the morning,

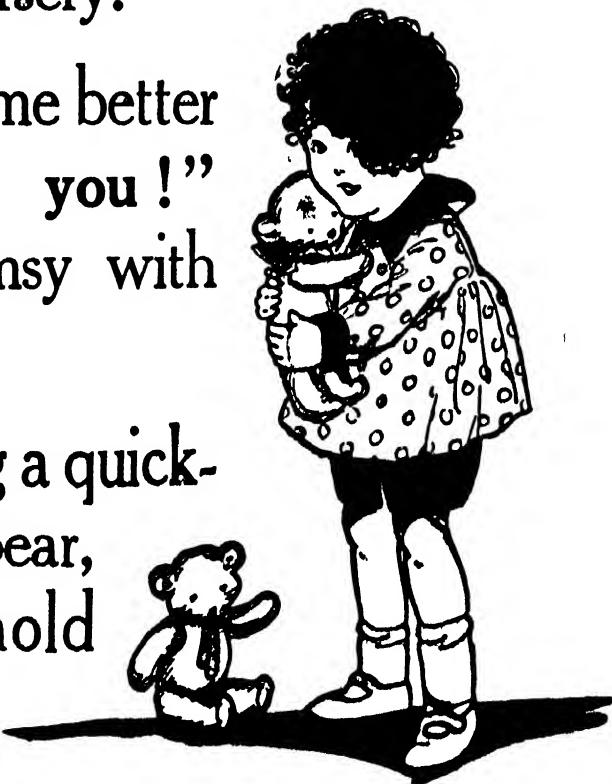


had picked Tomsy up and kissed him, and then he had taken him out in the garden before breakfast. But Timsy was left alone on the nursery hearthrug.

I don't suppose Timsy would have minded so much, only Tomsy unfortunately gave himself airs when he got back to the nursery.

"Jack likes me better than he does you!" he said to Timsy with a little giggle.

Timsy, being a quick-tempered little bear, had caught hold of Tomsy and shaken him so





severely that a lot of bran had fallen out through a hole in the back of Tomsy's head. It made Tomsy feel quite queer for a moment.

Then he got up and kicked Timsy very slowly and carefully in the tummy. After that, of course, they didn't speak to each other. Not for days and days.

And then, one night, Tiddles, the cat, came up to Timsy as he was sitting on the nursery hearthrug and said:

“Tomsy won't be here much longer.”

“Why not?” asked Timsy.

“He's tumbled into a jar of treacle,” said Tiddles. “Greedy



little thing ! When Cook finds him she'll put him in the dustbin. Serve him right, too!"

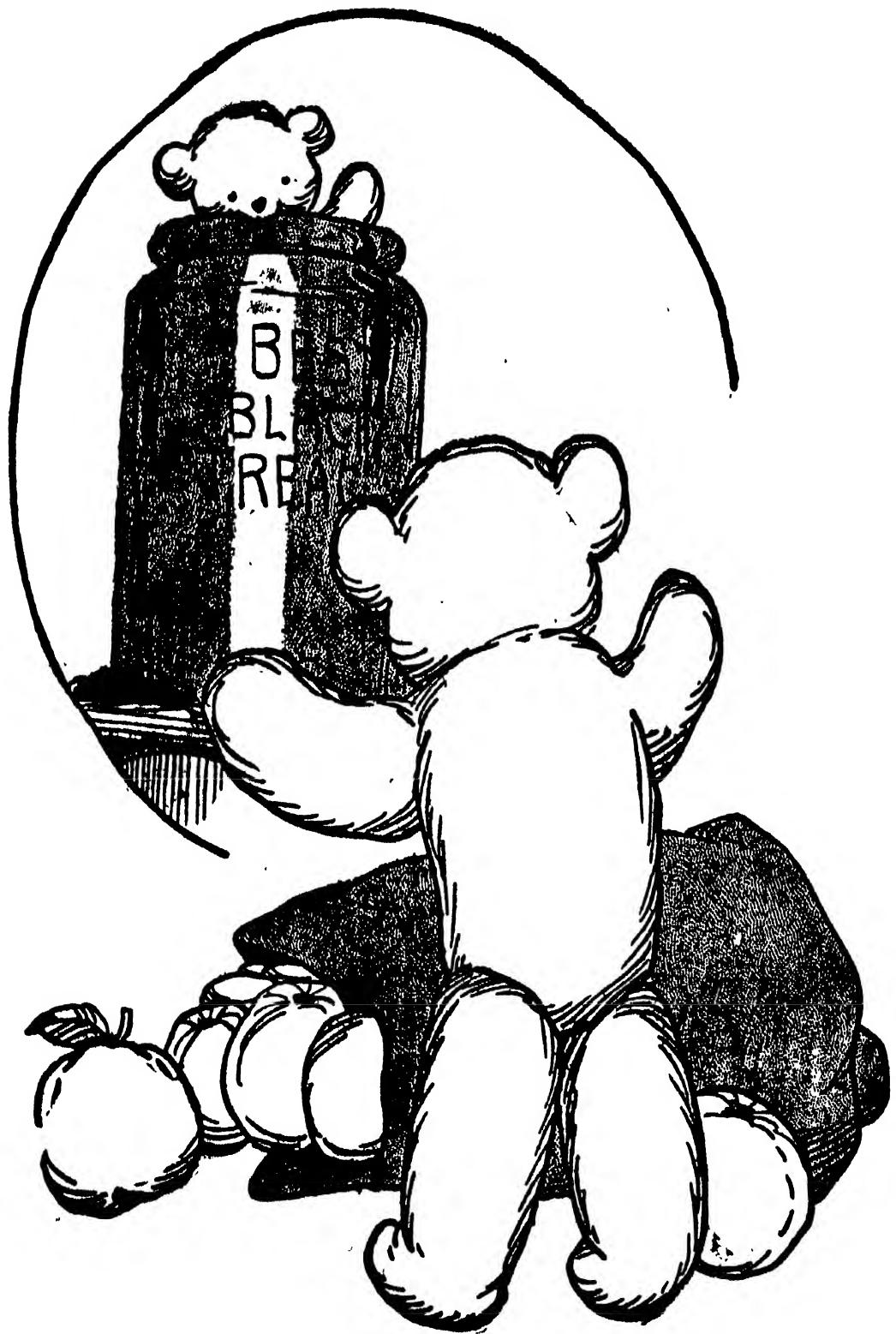
"Serve him right," echoed Timsy.

But when Tiddles had gone he crept along to the pantry and climbed up on to the shelf. There stood the jar of treacle, with greedy Tomsy's head just showing above the top.

"Go away!" cried Tomsy feebly.

But Timsy caught hold of him by the ears and with a terrific pull hauled him out of the jar. Tomsy







was covered with it from head to foot.

"You'd better lick bits off yourself that you can reach," said Timsy, "and I'll lick the rest."

They worked in silence for ten minutes, and then Tomsy looked as clean as a new pin.

"That was good!" said Timsy, licking his lips.

"That was good," said Tomsy, licking his.

Then the two little bears looked at each other.

"Let's make it up," whispered Timsy to Tomsy.

And they did.













